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IF you could look at your own throat through a microscope, and see the malignant germ life teeming there, the sight would at once convince you of the vital necessity of throat cleanliness.

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Writing on this subject in his book, "Influenza," Dr. Hopkirk says: "In Formamint Tablets we possess the best means of preventing (and curing) infective processes in the mouth and throat, which, if neglected, may lead to serious complications."

These pleasant-tasting little tablets are dissolved in the mouth like sweets, and set free in the saliva a powerful antiseptic which thoroughly disinfects the whole mouth and throat, destroying every harm-

ful germ which may be lurking there. So if you suck a few Formamint Tablets every morning and evening, after cleaning your teeth, you will run no risk of catching other people's diseases even when you are in actual contact with an infectious case.

Get Genuine Formamint To-day.

Formamint has a most refreshing tonic action on the whole mouth cavity, keeps the gums firm and healthy, helps to preserve the teeth, benefits the voice, and removes any taint from the breath, especially after the use of tobacco or alcohol.

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At the Vaudeville—Not at Oxford.



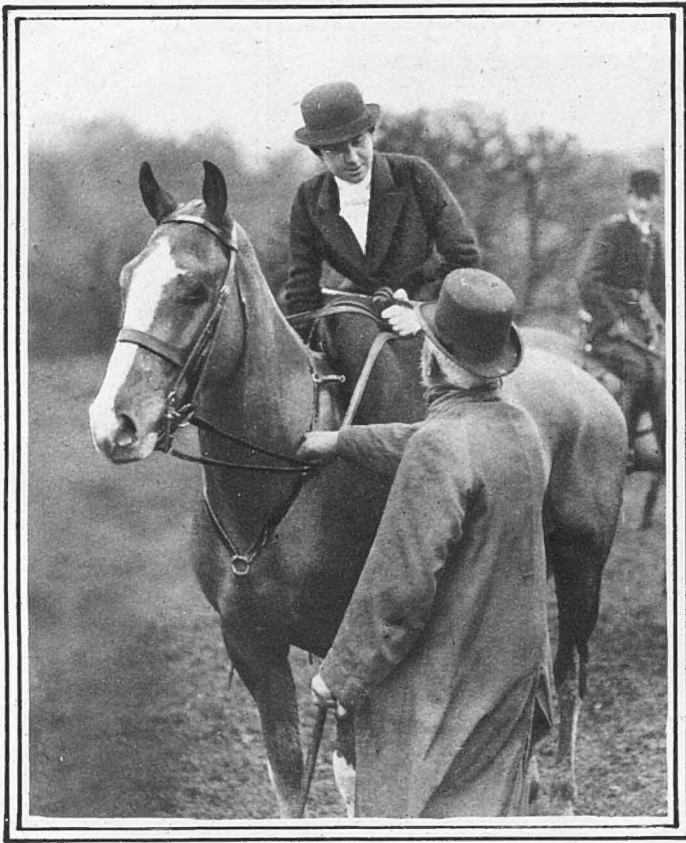
THE UNDERGRADUETTE : MISS PHYLLIS TITMUSS IN "JUMBLE SALE."

Miss Phyllis Titmuss wears this "football" costume for her "Undergraduate" number in "Jumble Sale," at the Vaudeville. Charming as it is, we understand that it is not yet recognised as the official

sports get-up for the 'Varsity woman—even at Oxford, which is not so severe about the ladies as Cambridge; but considering the increasing feminine interest in football, it is quite a practical fashion suggestion.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.

On Horse and Foot: After Stag and Fox.



MR. HARRY BUCKLAND'S STAGHOUNDS MEET AT CHARING:
MISS CORNWALLIS WEST CHATTING TO A FARMER.



AT THE SINNINGTON MEET AT GREAT BARUGH: LADY MARJORIE BECKETT
AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARY DIANA DUNCOMBE TALKING TO FRIENDS.



FOLLOWING THE SINNINGTON ON FOOT: MRS. GORDON
FOSTER AND THE HON. MAUDE BAILLIE.



OUT WITH THE QUORN: VISCOUNT BORODALE
AND MISS GWENDOLINE FIELD.

Our page shows some interesting snapshots of hunting enthusiasts. Lady Marjorie Beckett is the daughter of the fifth Earl of Warwick, wife of the Hon. Gervase Beckett, M.P., and widow of the second

Earl Feversham. The Hon. Maude Baillie is the daughter of Baroness Burton; and Viscount Borodale is Earl Beatty's elder son. He is following his famous father's profession, as he is a Naval Cadet.

Photographs by S. and G.

In Westminster and Fife: Guardsman and Earl.



LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S: MR. J. MENZIES WILSON AND HIS BRIDE, MISS SILVIA HELENA JAMES.



MARRIED AT CRAWFORD PRIORY, SPRINGFIELD, FIFE: THE EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE AND HIS BRIDE, THE HON. KATHERINE COCHRANE.

The marriage of Mr. J. Menzies Wilson, 2nd Life Guards, second son of the late Sir John Wilson, of Airdrie, Lanarkshire, to Miss Silvia Helena James, third daughter of Mrs. Brinton, and of the late Mr. William James, of West Dean Park, Chichester, was an important social event.—Our photograph of the marriage of the Earl of

Elgin and Kincardine, C.M.G., to the Hon. Katherine Cochrane, elder daughter of Lord Cochrane of Cults, shows bride and bridegroom; bridesmaids, Miss Myra Newton; Miss Margaret Babbington Smith; Miss Mary and Miss Veronica Bruce; and the page, Master Terence O'Neill.—[Photographs by Ian Smith and B.I.]



More About Mariegold



CONGRATULATIONS to Lord Somers on his engagement. Mariegold joins in. The last time she felt like congratulating him, but didn't, she says, was when he kept getting war medals. He is a young officer with a rather peculiarly brilliant career. His fine horsemanship gave him a leg-up right at the beginning in the 1st Life Guards, and only two years after he got his commission he was appointed riding master to the regiment. Horses, however, were rather a slow line during certain periods of the war, and when he found there was nothing doing he got into the Tank Corps temporarily. Before the war he won the doubles with Mr. Astor in the Military Racquets Championship.

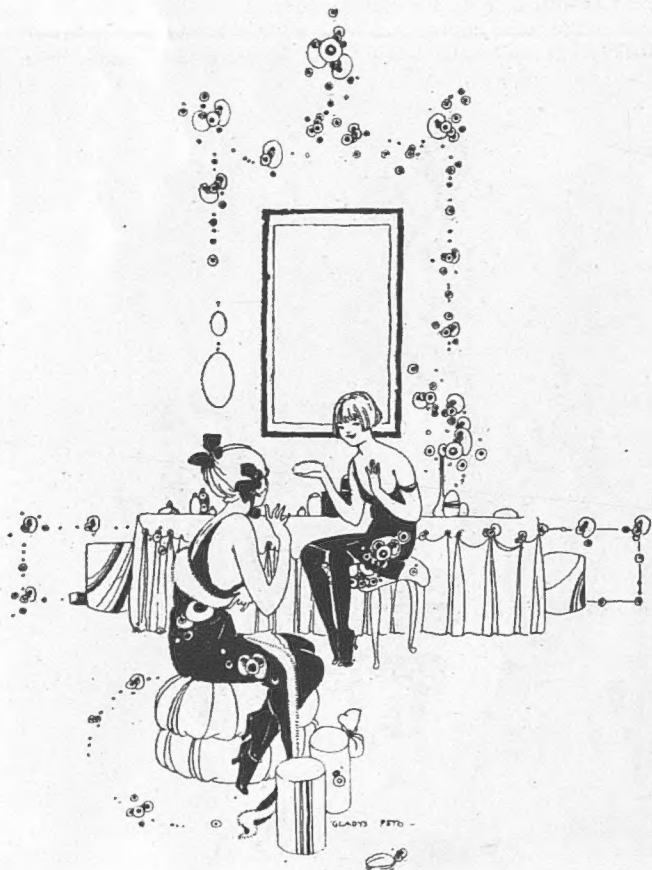
His marriage makes the succession of his uncle, a clergyman, and his heir to the Barony, a matter of some remoteness.

"Which will be a relief to the clergyman, I imagine," says Mariegold. "Their finances are not generally up to the demands of a peerage—judging by the bemoanings in the papers. Lord Somers, by the way, was educated at that school Canon, Lord Normanby used to run at Mulgrave Castle before his marriage."

"The Rev. Lord Byron is another of them," she went on. "He is in the papers too, because of his engagement to Anna Fitzroy. And her father was another—but not quite in the same category. He was the Rev. Lord Charles Fitzroy."

"It never sounds like money, that combination of Church and Burke. Lord Byron, by the way, is selling some of his furniture this very week at Newstead Abbey. He has sandwiched about twenty lots of rosewood tables and mahogany chairs of his own into the great sale of the contents of the Abbey, which are not his."

"It doesn't sound like great wealth. But it doesn't sound like poetry either, does it? What would the Byron of 'Don Juan' have made of his reverend descendant, I wonder!"

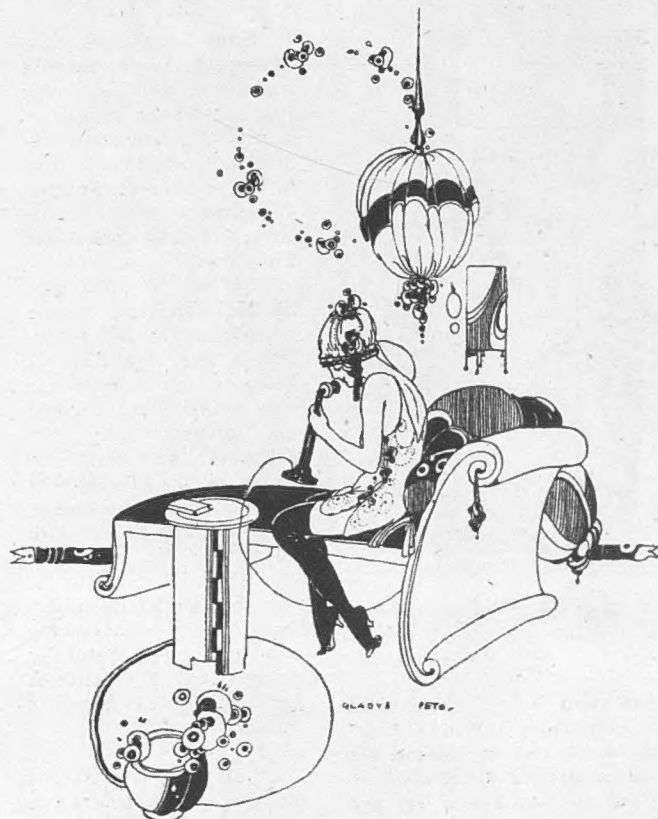


1. This is a sad picture of Miss Kitten Cattle, having resolved at 12 p.m. on New Year's Eve "never to speak evil of anyone," remarking to her dearest friend at 3 a.m. on New Year's Day, "I can't think where Angela and Bobbie Barrett disappeared to this evening. I suppose Algy was with them." . . .

"And Shelley, of all people, had the same fate. I will never forget how surprised I was—I will not say shocked—when I met a gentleman in Rome in a white tie of Evangelical design, and was told that he was Shelley's grandson!"

Like the Poynter-Hunloke engagement, Lord Somers's is of particular interest to the King and Queen. His fiancée, Finola Meeking, was often at Balmoral during the autumn with her mother, Mrs. Herbert Johnson, and her sister Viola.

"At one little dinner at Balmoral," Mariegold tells me, "at which Violet Johnson and her daughters were present, Lord Somers was



2. . . . And this is Angela, who resolved never to see Bobbie Barrett again, saying at 10 a.m. on New Year's morning, "Oh, yes, Bobbie; I'll love to have lunch with you." . . .

the other guest, so you see that the King and Queen have a special reason for being interested in the happy sequel."

The Herbert Johnsons, who at the time had rented Invercauld, the nearest place of importance to Balmoral, are now at Marsh Court, Stockbridge.

"I have enlarged on Marsh Court before," says Mariegold, "and you won't want me to trot it all out again. But you can imagine! It's a Lutyens in white chalk. Mr. Johnson, Finola's step-father, is half Stock Exchange and half M.F.H.—the latter being the bigger half."

Richings belongs to the Meekings, and Viola, Finola's elder sister, is Lady of the Manor of Iver. Their mother, Mrs. Johnson, and their aunt, Lady Blythwood, were Fletchers of Saltoun.

"Mrs. Johnson is the lovely person I have often spoken to you about, very tall and fair. Her daughters are, on the other hand, of the build of their friend, Princess Mary."

"It happens that these people are interesting wherever you take them and their forebears—that is, if you are interested in the things that really count. Take Countess Somers, for instance, who died ten years ago—eighty-four years old, and still beautiful and charming, in Hay Hill House. In the 'fifties she was a great beauty—one of the pre-eminent beauties we never see nowadays, according to Mrs. Asquith."

"She was one of the Pattle sisters—six beautiful sisters. Another was Mrs. Cameron, the amateur photographer who had the wit to see that her mistakes were her successes, and always took her pictures out of focus. Tennyson was her constant sitter, you remember."

"And the use of her now is that she left undeniable evidence of the beauty of her sisters. Watts painted Countess Somers, but one is still more inclined to believe the photographs."

Last week saw a revival of small dinner parties in Mayfair—informal parties marking the reunion of family returns from the country.

"So informal," Mariegold says, "that a young friend of mine was persuaded to sit down to dinner in Berkeley Square in tweeds; tweeds so rough, he confessed, that he was frightened of grazing the elbow of his fair neighbour at table."

Every other door or so, in streets round about, had its brace of cars; and in Queen Street, on the mildest of those mild evenings, they danced with open windows, so that the sound of piano and violin floated up the road, just as it does on summer evenings.

That same night Mariegold had a cricketing adventure—an encounter with Ranji; and with Ranji was C. B. Fry. They had dined together at Brown's Hotel—a heart-to-heart talk on our desperate straits.

"But how well he looked, and fatter, in spite of England's extremity."

Four months ago, Mariegold made a wild surmise on this page, now justified by the announcement of the Somers-Meeking engagement. But in the matter of another engagement she admits that she was entirely in the dark.

"When I told you about Selfridge taking Lansdowne House, I confess I was mystified. I believed my information was correct, but I could not imagine why Mr. Selfridge's ambitions had turned towards Lansdowne House. But then, you see, I was entirely in the dark about Violette Selfridge's engagement to Vicomte de Sibour. That puts a different complexion on the rumour. It naturally brings that big business brain down to domestic affairs."

"To go back to ancient history, of a fortnight ago—the De La Warr wedding, I mean," said Mariegold—"I have noticed two

quite contrary accounts of it in the papers. Some of them describe it as an ordinary social event; others as if it was a beanfeast and pantomime combined for the poor of Holborn, with Mr. George Lansbury as the outstanding figure. I was there myself, so can say what it was like really. Well, in the first place, Mr. George Lansbury was not in sight, which probably means that he wasn't there, for I fancy I saw most people.

"There were lots of 'smarties' present, of course, but they struck me as being modified for the occasion. The Countesses were not in their best dresses. And Holborn was there, too, in an excellent assortment of costumes, suitable to the social mix-up that naturally followed a young Earl's conversion to Socialism.

"Another sort of mix-up comes of that marriage. There are now four Countesses de la Warr, some of them being dowagers—though that is not a polite word these days, and none of them will be called by it."

Mariegold's most amusing bit of news this week is about Winston Churchill. She has heard from an unimpeachable source, which I can only imagine is the Hanging Committee, that three pictures by him will appear in the next Paris Salon. But no; she cannot have heard it from the Hanging Committee, because Winston's pictures have been "accepted anonymously." And nobody will know which they are. So his enemies among the art critics, if he has any, will have to condemn the Salon wholesale if they want to condemn him.

Certain London circles are regaling themselves with letters from a lady whom they call "Nancy Greece," once well known as Nancy Leeds.

She does not spare Venizelos, of whom she writes anything but honeyed words.

By a strange coincidence, the Hon. Bruce Ogilvy's fall from his horse while he was drilling with the 1st Life Guards in Windsor Park happened just at the time of his grandmother Blanche Countess of Airlie's death at her house in Regent's Park.

"But do not call it 'a fall from his horse,'" Mariegold protests. "That is one of the unfair, slipshod usages of the English language. It's always called a fall from your horse, even when it is the horse that falls, as in this case. Mr. Ogilvy's horse slipped on the sodden turf, and broke its rider's leg. But you know there is a sort of stigma attaching to any accident that happens to a rider, as in the famous case when George IV. got home at the Duke of Wellington, who was thrown in Hyde Park. It isn't a throw at all if the mount comes down too. Please explain."

And I do, because Captain Coldwaltham endorsed her view. He says we want a new word in the language, as neither "fall" nor "throw" fits all the circumstances.

Many Londoners besides Mr. T. P. O'Connor were rejoiced to meet Lord D'Abernon again. "T.P." encountered him by chance, and learned more about affairs from him in an hour than he could have done in a month in the House of Commons—though that was not "T.P.'s" way of putting it!

It is amusing to find that people now approve Lord D'Abernon's appointment to Berlin. When the appointment was made one heard the ridiculous criticism that he was too good a man to waste on Germany. That showed the blind intolerance of those times. Now we realise that our best brains are needed to cope with the situation.

Also, Lady D'Abernon was too charming for Berlin! But Lord D'Abernon would, I fancy, name the lady as a valuable ally.

When last we saw Karsavina—it was at Baroness d'Erlanger's—she was making arrangements to breakfast with Mrs. Lovat Fraser, whose breakfast-room is filled with entrancing toys—a collection of the playthings of other periods. And Mr. Lovat Fraser once made a book of nursery rhymes.

Mariegold sets out these facts because, she says, they explain the genesis of Karsavina's performance at the Coliseum.

Coffee, hot rolls, nursery rhymes, a tip-toe dancer, and a scene-painter—sequel, a triumph of the Terpsichorean Art.

Cannes gets people from all sides. From Madrid, I hear, the Duke and Duchess of Alba are finding their way there. From Paris, Mrs. Clark and her children. From London, a long list.

"The London list is a long one, because we are at this end of the line, and see people off. But at the other end, in Cannes, our London stream gets absorbed in half-a-dozen others.

"But here are some impressions from a letter I have just received. Lady Rocksavage suits the scene. She is essential Cannes. She



3. . . . And Aunt Babsie, who decided that as her thirty-ninth (or is it her sixty-ninth?) birthday is fast approaching, she will wear black alpaca and lead a serious life, went out on New Year's Day and bought this "little girl" frock and two new dolls. . . .



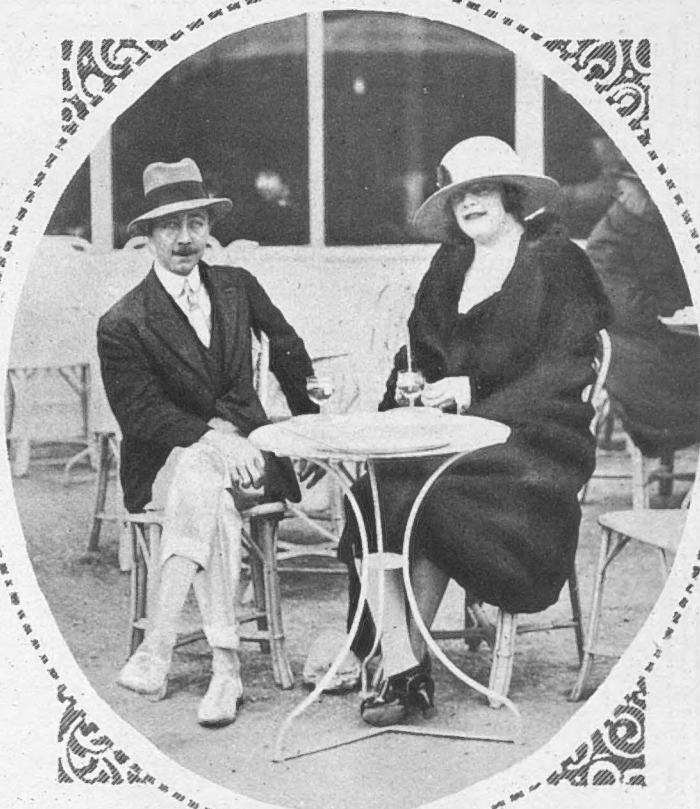
4. . . . But Algy, who made no resolutions at all, continues to have "engagements in the City" nearly every afternoon from 4 till 6.30

probably knows it, and so has her villa here. Or perhaps it is Lord Rocksavage who is the good judge. Sir Edward Carson is another of our people whom you cannot miss, even in this cosmopolitan crowd."

Snapshots from the Côte d'Azur: Monte and Beaulieu.



WITH MR. AND MRS. PRETYMAN NEWMAN (RIGHT): SIR JOHN AIRD AND MISS AIRD AT THE BEAULIEU TENNIS TOURNAMENT.



AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS, MONTE CARLO: SIR JOSEPH AND LADY TICHBORNE.



BASKING IN THE SUN: SIR HARRY AND LADY SAMUEL AT MONTE CARLO.



ENJOYING A MORNING STROLL AT MONTE: LORD AND LADY ARMAGHDALE.

Plenty of well-known people are at Monte Carlo, Beaulieu, and the other pleasure resorts of the South. Our photographs show Sir John Aird and his younger daughter, with Mr. and Mrs. Pretzman

Newman, at the lawn-tennis tournament at Beaulieu; and Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, and Sir Joseph and Lady Tichborne, who are all in the sunshine at Monte Carlo.

Photographs by E. Navello.

The Daughter-in-Law of an Army Banker.

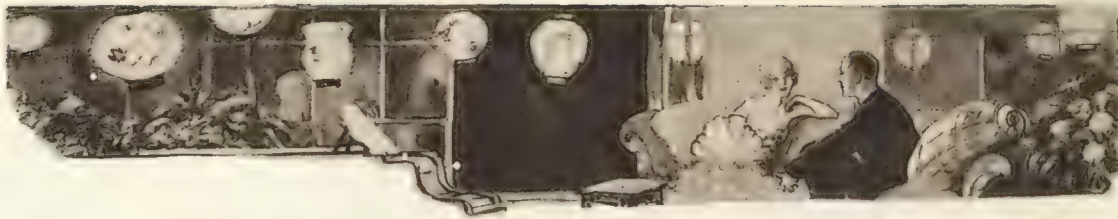


MARRIED TO SIR VESEY HOLT'S ELDEST SON : MRS. MARTIN DRUMMOND VESEY HOLT.

Mrs. Martin Drummond Vesey Holt is the wife of Mr. Martin Drummond Vesey Holt, eldest son of Sir Vesey Holt, K.B.E., of Mount Mascal, Bexley, the head of the firm of Holt and Co., bankers and Army

agents. She was married in 1918, and is the daughter of Colonel Edward William Herbert, C.B., and the niece of Sir Hedworth Williamson, ninth Baronet, of East Markham.—[*Photograph by Vandyk.*]

Small Talk



A GOOD deal of misapprehension and misunderstanding has been prevalent with regard to Lord Lee's gift of Chequers as the official country residence of the British Prime Minister—who, one hopes, by the way, really appreciates the extraordinary good luck that makes him the first official tenant. While the gift is an example of self-sacrifice of a very uncommon kind, the thing has not been thoughtlessly done. The idea is that we must, in our present Constitution, expect at any rate frequent Prime Ministers who have no private means at all. So far the State has refused to make adequate provision for its political chief.

Not Enough. It is true that he has a salary of £5000, with official quarters in Downing Street. But present-day taxation reduces the five thousand by a third, and Downing Street is hardly any longer a private residence, even in the sense that it was six years ago. It is really only a business office with a few private apartments. I believe that the notion of Lord Lee is that a future Prime Minister lacking private means would be practically dependent on rich friends to show hospitality, and even to secure a modicum of country air in the circumstances fitted to his position.

The Idea.

The idea, therefore, is to provide a country place teeming with historic associations, set in a most healthy and restful atmosphere, and furnished with all that contributes to dignity and tranquil enjoyment, for the political head of the State; and in order that he may the better enjoy it, there is a very liberal endowment fund of some £7000 a year. All this means that a poor man can afford to be Prime Minister without in any way sacrificing his independence or being under oppressive obligations either to a party or to individuals. There are houses larger than Chequers, but none are more beautiful or better fitted to be an attractive home as opposed to the term "official residence." Mr. Lloyd George and his successors are in luck.



BRIDESMAIDS AT THE WILSON—JAMES WEDDING: MISS AUDREY JAMES, THE HON. DORIS HARCOURT, WITH TWO OF THE CHILD ATTENDANTS.

The two bridesmaids at the Wilson-James wedding were Miss Audrey James (sister of the bride) and the Hon. Doris Harcourt. There were also four child attendants—Miss Diana, Miss Audrey, and Miss Rosemary Howard (nieces of the bride), and Miss Diane Chamberlain, daughter of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They wore dainty frocks of crocus-yellow georgette, and had diadems of mauve-and-yellow crocuses in their hair.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Gone Big-Game Hunting.

Big-game hunting has taken Sir Charles Ross to British East Africa, and England is not likely to see him again for some months. Probably no other man with the right to be in Debrett supplies a better example of a piquant blending of ancient lineage and very modern ideas. The ninth baronet of his race—he is Sir Charles Ross of Balnagowan—with a great Scottish estate, he has spent much of his life in Canada and the United States, is an experienced engineer, was the inventor of the Ross rifle, and is a very shrewd business man. Still on the sunny side of fifty, his good looks and bluff manner are a passport to most people's liking wherever he goes, whether on this side or the other side of the Atlantic. Lady Ross is an American, and was once Miss Ellison, member of a well-known Kentucky family. They met in London, and their marriage in New York was one of those "smart set" affairs that give columns of "copy" to enterprising American pressmen.

Claiming Millions. By the way, the Ross rifle was the cause of some Government correspondence and much gossip during the war. The Ross rifle factory at Quebec was expropriated by the Dominion Government at a valuation of £600,000. Later, that same Government refused the application of Sir Charles to be allowed to sue in the Courts for £3,600,000. He claimed damages of £2,000,000 for breach of contract, and alleged that the property alone was worth £2,200,000, so it is easy to see that the Government's estimate must have been something of a shock.

A Sale Note. Never in the history of the Sale Saturnalia has so much public attention been devoted to the subject as this year. Even the superior male, hitherto popularly believed to be above the lure of bargains in braces and things of that kind, has fallen a victim to the fever for buying—additional buying—to which women are alleged to succumb during January and July. Never before has the reporter, feverishly searching for "copy" that he can write intelligently, come across the spectacle of males struggling into waistcoats and coats, or of a man heatedly contending for an odd shirt to make up the half-dozen, five of which he holds in his hand. But these things have happened this year, and I myself who write have met a man—a somewhat shamefaced one, it is true—carrying home in triumph what looked suspiciously like a dress-box. But tactful questioning elicited the information that he was not taking home a surprise for his wife. "They're just a few things for myself," he murmured. "Socks and ties, and so on."



WITH HER FIANCÉ, THE VICOMTE DE SIBOUR: MISS VIOLETTE SELFIDGE.

The story of Miss Violette Selfridge's engagement to the Vicomte de Sibour is a very romantic one. Some months ago the Vicomte came to Mr. Gordon Selfridge and asked if there was any position he could fill in the business. Mr. Selfridge was attracted by his manner, and gave him a post in the house. The Vicomte's engagement to Miss Violette Selfridge, second daughter of Mr. Gordon Selfridge, was recently announced.

Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.



ALL SMILES AT THE ORTHOPÆDIC HOSPITAL: LADY DOROTHEA MOORE AND A PATIENT.

Lady Dorothea Moore takes a keen interest in the Royal Orthopædic Hospital, of which her father, Lord Denbigh, is Chairman. She helped to organise the Children's Party at Devonshire House to-day (Jan. 12) in aid of the hospital, and frequently visits the patients there.—[Photograph by C.N.]

Decorative, and Decorated by Five Countries.



MRS. HILDA WYNNE: MONS STAR, CROIX DE GUERRE, ORDER OF LEOPOLD I., ORDER OF ST. GEORGE (GOLD AND SILVER), AL VALORE MILITARE, CROCE DE GUERRA.

Mrs. Hilda Wynne, a Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, is one of the most decorated of women. For her four years splendid work on five fronts—Belgium, France, Russia, Persia, and Italy—she received the decorations and medals enumerated above. The Mons Star is, of course, British; the Croix de Guerre, French; the Order of Leopold I., Belgian; the Order of St. George, Russian;

and the Al Valore Militare and Croce de Guerra are Italian. Mrs. Wynne has recently gone in keenly for flying (a form of sport which she first started ten years ago), and has also done a lot of travelling since the end of the war. She has just come back from a ranch in Lower California, where she studied agriculture and stock-raising, in which she takes a great interest.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

Of "International" Interest: A Scrumptious Page.



RUGGER PERSONALITIES; SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH FOOTBALLERS.

Rugby football is now a game in which the majority of people take a keen interest, and Rugger matches have just as keen if not quite so numerous audiences as Soccer contests. Our artist has given impressions of some well-known English Rugger players on this page, together with a few of the comments and criticisms he has heard about them. A

number of the men he caricatures have been chosen to play for England against Wales at Twickenham on January 15. These are Messrs. C. N. Lowe; E. Hammett; W. J. A. Davies; C. A. Kershaw; L. G. Brown; F. W. Mellish; W. W. Wakefield; and A. T. Joyce.

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To Marry a 6th Baron and a Baronet.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN LORD SOMERS, D.S.O., M.C.; MISS FINOLA MEEKING.

Miss Finola Meeking, whose engagement to Captain Lord Somers (sixth Baron and a Baronet), D.S.O., M.C., 1st Life Guards, has just been announced, is the younger daughter of the late Captain Bertram Meeking, and of Mrs. Herbert Johnson, who is one of the daughters of the late Mr. John Fletcher of Saltoun. Both Miss Finola Meeking

and her elder sister, Miss Viola Meeking, are pretty, and popular in Society. Miss Viola Meeking inherited Richings Park, Bucks, on the death of her grandfather in 1912, her father having died on active service in the South African War. Lord Somers, who is the owner of Eastnor Castle, near Ledbury, is tall, good-looking, and thirty-four.

Camera Portrait by Hoppé.



Without Prejudice

ASSUMING an expression of gravity tempered by justice and grasping the operator's end of the birch firmly in one hand, one approaches the boyish figure of Mr. Arthur Collins (looks well in his Eton suit, doesn't he?). That large boy just beyond him trying to hide behind the sofa is Mr. J. M. Glover. And he also is, as you may say, For It. Because there have been grave derelictions of duty in Bow Street, and, as Drury Lane Pantomime is far too Sacred an Institution to be tampered with, it is our Solemn Duty to point them out.

In the first place, the authorities ought not to have prolonged the run of "The Garden of Allah" at Drury Lane right through the Christmas holidays. There are moments when one's duty to the adult and juvenile children of Great Britain transcends even one's duty to one's shareholders. And they really, really should have displaced that pretentious affair of Mr. Hichens's for the national ritual of the Pantomime. Even camels and a sandstorm do not a panto. make, nor Trappist monks a harlequinade.

But that fatal decision being taken, and our masters having sternly resolved to exile the Pantomime to Covent Garden, they owed it to us to make it the best pantomime within reach. And one does not, you know, do that by serving up a large rissole which has been kept in the larder since last March, garnished with a few new songs and a new young lady. It wasn't, one feels, quite fair. Because nothing ought to be done to dim the reputation of Drury Lane Pantomime. We all care for it far too much to allow that.

One does not want to seem ungrateful to the industrious survivors of last year's cast, who worked hard and well for us. But it was not giving them a full chance to turn them on to say the old words in front of the old scenery. Miss Marie Blanche can swash her pantomime buckler with anyone in the country, and Miss Lily Long carries vast burdens on her lofty (but not unduly broad) shoulders. But they cannot between them make

family, whose present substitute is the palest reflection of its former glories.

Among the newcomers Miss Kathlyn Hilliard is a charming young lady who sings nicely and acts with enough maidenly embarrassment to inflame the ardent heart of any Principal Boy. And Miss Mabel Green aims at (and hits) the target which is represented by the epithet "dashing." But the real deficiency was among the men. Mr. Harry Claff fools and sings hard enough, and evidently delights the children. But even he can hardly be expected to exceed the Trade Union output of bricks with such a very stale supply of straw.

Not newcomers, but very welcome to all whose memory enshrines the twin names of William and Walter, were the Egbert Brothers. Albert (if one may venture the familiarity) has about him somewhere the makings of a first-rate comedian, although Brother Seth was a trifle inclined to rely on the comicality of what he did rather than on the funniness of anything that he said. But one was genuinely glad to see them. Not only for their own sake. But because they represented the one glimmer of appreciation on the part of the management that a pantomime should be funny.

The real trouble is that this economy habit has caught on. Launched originally for the benefit of his Majesty's advisers, it appears to have infected his Majesty's servants. They have got it—badly—in the world of the theatre. And the first fruits of it are represented by this unfortunate attempt to put on a pantomime without that central, that classical figure, the Funny Man. One has noticed the tendency developing for a long time past. In the good old days, when people used to take three hours to drive in for the Pantomime in a four-wheeled cab, they ventured even to run to two funnies. In the distant times, I mean, of Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. . . . Then the supply dwindled to one. But he was a considerable person of the calibre of Mr. George Graves. Then, as the horrible process of disintegration proceeded, Mr. George Graves dwindled to Mr. Will Evans. And now the quicksilver has run right out of the bottom of the thermometer, and Mr. Will Evans has dwindled to no one at all. A pity. A great pity. Because we can't do without our annual dose of Drury Lane Pantomime. And we don't mean to. Which accounts for this unwonted severity. Now, Arthur, you may stand up and dry your eyes.



THE BENNETT-O'SHAUGHNESSY WEDDING IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, DUBLIN CASTLE: THE BRIDAL GROUP.

Major J. Bennett, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and Miss Edith Marion O'Shaughnessy, elder daughter of the Rt. Hon. T. L. O'Shaughnessy, Recorder of Dublin, were married last week in the Chapel Royal, Dublin Castle. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom, with the bridesmaids, Miss N. Nesbitt and Miss A. C. Clarke, and the page, Master N. C. MacKetridge.

Photograph by T.P.A.

an entire Pantomime. And there was a certain lack of judgment, too, about which parts of the old material were taken and which were left. Mr. Arthur Conquest last year had an admirable topical song with a haunting chorus about the gifted Geddes



MARRIED AT ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER SQUARE: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. H. CARRINGTON, D.S.O., R.A., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MESHAM.

The marriage of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Harold Carrington, D.S.O., R.A., elder son of the late Rev. R. Carrington, and of Mrs. Carrington, and Miss Elizabeth Ruby Mesham, only child of the late Mr. Robert Seymour Mesham, of Arthur Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk, and of Mrs. Mesham, was celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride, who wore a dress of oyster-grey satin with a cream net veil, was followed by one bridesmaid, Miss Collins.

Photograph by C.N.

Rink and Run: The Joys of Winter Sporting at Mürren.



FIGURE SKATING: MISS B. McCONNELL
AND MAJOR B. PATTON.



WITH THE HON. WINIFRED LYTTON:
MAJOR THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON.



OFF FOR A LUGE RUN:
MISS HOYLE.



WITH MAJOR THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON AND MISS LYTTON:
LADY MALCOLM.

Ski-ing is popular at the Swiss winter resorts, but it does not out-shine the delights of skating and lugeing, as our photographs show. Major the Hon. Neville Lytton is a keen skater, and is seen with his second

daughter, the Hon. Winifred Lytton, in our photograph. Lady Malcolm, the wife of Sir Ian Malcolm, is another enthusiast who enjoys both skating and lugeing. She has been at Mürren with her husband and children.

Photographs by S. and G., and C.N.



THE RUBY.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

(Author of "Phillip in Particular," "Green Ladies," "Westward with the Prince of Wales," &c.)

ETHEL BLOOB-BIGGIN asked the young man with the air of an embittered Nelson Keys what was his favourite fruit, and he answered: "Caviare." It was then that Pepin noticed him—for the worse, one might say.

He was a derogatory person endeavouring to bear up boldly under the name of Ronks. For one who wore Soviet suitings, he had neat, careful movements, but there was little else that pleased. He cut his hair short and kept his conversations long. His two permanent passions, as widely advertised by himself, were the writing of *vers libre* in the manner of a man going down a shell-shocked staircase (that is, it straggled across the page), and a loathing of anything even remotely related to nuts. He was an anti-fruit-biter of a ferocious carat. The words he could conjure up against a mere pear would have stung even a pacifist maggot into armed revolt.

But his most distinguished beastliness in the eyes of Pepin was that he hated his host and the rest of the house-party. Pepin, with all his failings, had an old-fashioned prejudice in these things. He had never been Smart enough to bite the hand that fed him.

Altogether he disliked Ronks, who was, actually, one of those young men whom nobody knows anything about, and feels the better for it. At the same time, he managed to forget him. It was not a bad house-party. If old Bloob-Biggin did suffer from rather a bad attack of the thick profiteer, he was kindly and meant well. Under the lulling influence of rather too much of everything, Pepin spent an easy and un-Ronked time until the day when the party was to break up. Indeed, it was only the matter of the Swazi Ruby that drew the fellow into his orbit once more.

It was then a trivial action on Ronks' part that led Pepin to consider him as a factor in events. It was, in fact, just after the unseemly fellow had reached across the lunch-table to the palpably gold dessert-stand, and, with inexplicable clumsiness, upset a *quattrocento* glass of deep blue Venetian cristallo, and spilt the Hundred Guinea port upon the fabulous damask, that old Bloob-Biggin had said: "Aw, say, who's got the Ruby now? Where's the Ruby?"

They had been looking at the Ruby. Having exhausted polite praise and heard the exact monetary value of every article in a room that resembled less a dining-room than a museum of *virtu*, they had gravitated to the Ruby. The Ruby was the sort of thing that one talked about. It had a fame which compared quite respectably with that of Mary Pickford. It had started life with the usual Begum, its history was strung with pashas, bashaws, cadis, and abrupt deaths. It had strayed, with the curious facility of such things, into the baggage of one of Europe's great civilising heroes, and it had progressed by expected degrees into the possession of Mr. Bloob-Biggin.

Mr. Bloob-Biggin was that day wearing it as a tie-pin, and not to have talked of it would have been discourteous. Somebody drew attention to it. Pepin thought it might have been himself, since he believed in being kind to one's host, and Bloob-Biggin had told the story of the gem, which was rather a bore, and had unscrewed the gem from its mount, which was rather expected. Having first explained, what everybody knew—that is, that by a clever piece of jeweller's craft, the Ruby itself was devoid of mount, and that one simply unscrewed it, and could then handle it by itself—he performed the trick, and passed the fabled gem round. Pepin, with others of the guests, handled it with becoming reverence, held it to the light and did other things, and then handed it on to the next martyr. It must have almost reached the Bloob-Biggin again on Ronks' side of the table, when Ronks' unfortunate accident upset the glass, spilt over the expensive cloth a wine that vied with the Ruby in lustre, and so caused five minutes of solemn confusion. It was after that that Bloob-Biggin made his momentous statement—and the Ruby was, as the newspapers say, "Found to be Missing."

In another five minutes it was an established fact that the Ruby was—gone. There is a difference. At first Bloob-Biggin had striven to curb his natural suspicion of brother man under an affectation that the thing had fallen on to the floor in the confusion begot of the spilt port. As the ladies were out of the room, and only five men and two servants were in it at the time, search for it was more or less easy. It was easy, that is, but not successful. Every possible nook and cranny of the room was explored, the floor was swept inch by inch with a crumb-brush that had once been the property of the Borgias—the Ruby was not found.

Upon that Bloob-Biggin caved in under the strain. He forgot his unnatural good-breeding. With a face appropriately purple for

this melancholy moment, he snarled: "Gorn, has it? I won't have this. No, be damn, I won't have this. It couldn't 'ave gorn. What I mean to say is, y'know, it couldn't have gorn . . . not of itself. I must have that Ruby back, see. Twenty thousand pounds it cost me, and two quite nice ladies were strangled through it. I mean to say—I'm going to have it!"

"Perhaps," said Pepin, sipping his port, "little brother Ronks swallowed it, thinking it was a filbert."

"A nut—I loathe and execrate all the fruits of the earth," began brother Ronks. And then he remembered that the chairman had not called on him. "This is not a moment for being funny, or serious even on the subject of nuts," he said haughtily. "I think, Sir, this is a beastly moment. I wish I hadn't touched your confounded Capitalist gewgaw, and had simply let it go on to my neighbour without . . ."

"But it didn't come on to me," said his neighbour.

"I assure you," said Ronks, "I passed it on to you, put it down beside your plate; it was after that . . . that unfortunate accident with the wine . . ." Somebody said, yes, he thought that was what had happened—there is always somebody who thinks like that. There was also somebody who thought it hadn't happened. He demonstrated with a genuine Apostle coffee-spoon and a Jacobean salt that it could not be so. Bloob-Biggin stood over the wrangle, saying that he "must have that there Ruby, or he'd know the blinkin' reason why." The wrangle failed to produce the Ruby.

Inevitably the guests and even the servants were searched. Probably it was Pepin who suggested that; it is a fact that Ronks, probably because he had figured largely in the limelight, seconded the motion. They were all searched, adequately and well. Even Bloob-Biggin was searched; that, too, was probably Pepin's suggestion, since, he argued, it was a wise profiteer who knows into whose pocket he is putting his hand. The search was fruitless.

It was mystifying; for Bloob-Biggin it was enraging. They had searched everywhere, and yet they were baffled. Bloob-Biggin hated being done. "Done" had an unpleasant ring to him. He choked and said furiously: "I'll give five thousand pounds to anyone who can find that Ruby."

Pepin said charmingly, "Have an apple?"

"Apple! apple, you ruddy ass!" howled Bloob-Biggin. "What do I want with an apple at these times?"

"Yes, it's curious that anyone should want an apple at these times," said Pepin. "An' it seems more than curious to me that brother Ronks, who has an hereditary feud with the products of the orchard, should chose this moment of all moments to emulate our ancient mother Eve. Behold, he has succumbed to the apple. Behold, too, that it was reaching for that fair, fat apple that lies by his plate that he upset his glass and caused the melancholy confusion during which our loved Ruby vanished . . ."

"You triple idiot!" snarled Ronks. "Is this a moment for your infantile wit? Why shouldn't I have an apple? Why all this blather about an apple?"

"An idle whimsy, brother Ronks. It has just occurred to me that an apple is one of the few things that has not been searched." He leant forward, took the apple, applied an Elizabethan knife. . . . And there, in the split halves of the fruit, lay—the Ruby. The Ruby that had been cunningly pushed in deeply by way of the stalk.

When Ronks had been arrested and the guests had departed, Bloob-Biggins wrote out a cheque for £5000. At Pepin's request he made it an open one on the bank in the local town. Pepin then finished off his port wine, tipping the glass well back to drink every drop of the precious fluid that was so akin to the precious Ruby in lustre. Then, with the fewest possible words, he bade his grateful host good-bye, and in a car hurried to the local town.

Half-way to the local town, he took out his handkerchief, opened his mouth, and allowed something to roll into the handkerchief. It was a wondrous jewel—a Ruby that shone with the same lustre as the precious port. He was grateful that port was the colour it was, and that the *quattrocento* glass had also helped to obscure anything dropped into it. He was also grateful for his extensive knowledge of rare gems, such as rubies, and their methods of mounting and setting. But he did not dwell long on these things. He was anxious to get to the bank and away from it before his kindly host, Bloob-Biggin, realised that the Ruby that had been so brilliantly restored to him was no more than a brilliant fake.

THE END.



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OCTOBER.							NOVEMBER.							DECEMBER.						
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"THE SKETCH" CALENDAR FOR 1921.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL AUJOU.
(Originals in the possession of the Galerie Latetia, 51, Boulevard Raspail, Paris.)

IN SKIRTS AND BREECHES: SO



VERY INTENT: MISS BROADBENT.



TAKING A REST: MRS. SMILLIE.



ON AN EXPEDITION: MISS BEHRENS AND MAJOR EDWARDS.



THE IRISH LADY GOLF CHAMPION: MISS JANET JACKSON.



WITH MISS HURRY: MISS M. LAURENCE.

All Society is ski-ing at Mürren, as shown by our photographs of well-known people engaged in this fascinating sport. Fashions in ski-ing costumes for women are varied, as some people prefer to keep to a skirt, even if it be very abbreviated; while many others come out in breeches and jerseys. Miss Janet Jackson, the Irish Lady Golf Champion, is one of the most ardent ski-ing enthusiasts; and Lady Ardee,

SOCIETY ON SKIS AT MÜRREN.



WITH THE HON. MRS. BRABAZON: LADY ARDEE.



IN A KILTED SKIRT: MRS. BROADLEY.



AN ENTHUSIAST: MISS BURGoyNE JOHNSON.



GIVING MISS PHILLIMORE A LESSON: MR. CAULFIELD.



LITTLE WHITE RIDING HOOD: MISS A. LOBNITZ.

(who is at Mürren with Lord Ardee and her children, and the Hon. Mrs. Brabazon) is also fond of the sport. Miss Alwida Lobnitz is the elder daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Lobnitz, and a niece of Lord Cowdray; and Mr. Caulfield, who is seen instructing Miss Phillimore, is one of the best-known British ski-runners, and the author of one of the standard works on ski-ing.—[Photographs by C.N. and S. and G.]

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Reseda	Old Gold
Lilac	Black

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Beautiful Shades
of
TWINK

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.



FROM THE READER'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



UNDOUBTEDLY the world has been waiting for the Complete Mind-Trainee, that Superman who must burst upon the universe with all the force of all the intensive mental courses taken in the trenches. And he has arrived. He is a marvel, and his name is Lush. Having learnt how to be a Chartered Accountant and a Civil Engineer, and How to Keep Poultry in Small Back Gardens by postal instalments, Lush is exposed by Mr. Denis Mackail in "What Next?" in his amazing civilian faculty for getting rich quickly and adding to the gaiety of nations.

And a rich, exuberant, riotously witty exposition it is. Mr. Mackail has made Lush gorgeous. Lush is the valet who shows the trusty old servant how to do the loyalty act with modern efficiency. James Pooley Grant, a cheery fellow of excellent and expensive manners, and an affection for Mary Steele, a rich man's daughter, whose work in life might have been written down as "Inheritor," suddenly finds himself deprived of income and uncle. At that crisis the old-world retainer would have stepped forward with a lengthy speech and his savings of a life-time. Not so the Pelmanised Lush. Lush simply says, "I'll take you into partnership, and we'll make a million out of the wreckage." And he is on the way to do it when this sparkling book ends.

Lush is full of energy and inspiration; he invents a hair- tonic that can also be used as an indigestion cure, and so halves the cost of manufacturing. He plunges into concentrated money-getting, breaks a profiteer ring, pulls off a coup on the Stock Exchange, books the royal suite at the swaggerest hotel, and calls his master of a few hours ago by his Christian name with the liveliest dash imaginable. And the way that he and James encounter and counter their deadly rival Sir Adolf, and so straighten out the path of true love, is breathless with movement and laughter. A rapture of a book, with all the pace of a cinema thriller, and all the wit, real wit, and gaiety one can want for the jolliest evening's reading.

"The Conquering Hero" does not merely remind one of the cinema, it is about it. Mr. John Murray Gibbon has invented an attractive "honest-to-goodness Vamp, not one of those hybrids that vamp on the screen, and then give interviews to magazines about home and mother." She is the Polish Princess Stephanie Sobieska, who arrives dramatically at "a lake-enchanted haunt of moose" in New Brunswick, accompanied by her manager, maid, press-agent, a full wardrobe of Paris dresses—everything, in fact, save the orchestra and enough eatable food. She is, of course, "roughing it" in the "movie" manner.

Princess Stephanie is a distinct and sharp individuality, and her personality immediately begins to have chemical effect on the camp



LEAVING THE ORATORY: M. JEAN CIECHANOWSKI AND HIS BRIDE, MISS GLADYS KOCH DE GOOREYND.

The marriage of M. Jean Ciechanowski, Polish Chargé d'Affaires in London, and Miss Gladys Koch de Gooreynd, daughter of Mrs. Koch de Gooreynd, was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory last week. The bride, who was given away by her brother, was followed by one train-bearer, Master Simon Maude, and four bridesmaids, Miss Margaret and Miss Bridget Vesey, Miss Delia Loyd, and Miss Anne Maude.

Photograph by S. and G.

Don't look for plot, but enjoy in full the many comely love tales, from that of Jan's father, who "would be a powerful sight of a lover to the end of his mortal days," and who won his charming wife by a truly magnetic love, to that of Kitty the delightful, who set Dick of Silver Side reading "Sordello" when he would be rabbit-shooting,

and that of Jan himself, with the wholly captivating gipsy-haired girl of the lovely name, Joan Melody.

There are other love affairs grouped just about this time of "the New Year's dusking." Joedy Bird, the roadmaker, who worked so long at the roads that he became part of the granite itself, has a redoubtable one with spinster Miss Priddum, who was courted for twenty years for the sake of her new teeth by a far too temporising farmer. And in addition to love tales, there are many quaint people and many quaint things to delight in. There are Jan's pretty songs, and his habit of metaphysical soliloquy.



NOW IN RESIDENCE AT WINWICK RECTORY, WARRINGTON: THE NEW BISHOP OF WARRINGTON AND HIS FAMILY.

Our photograph shows the Rt. Rev. E. H. Kempson, the new Bishop of Warrington, and his family. The names of the standing figures, reading from left to right, are, Mr. E. G. H. Kempson, Miss B. Kempson, The Bishop, and Miss A. H. Kempson. Those seated are Miss Kempson and Mrs. Kempson.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

What Next? By Denis Mackail. (Murray; 7s. 6d.)

The Conquering Hero. By John Murray Gibbon. (Lane; 8s. 6d.)

Snow Over Elden. By Thomas Moulton. (Heinemann; 9s.)

Binnie as Bobbie, Edith, and Phyllis.



"TAKING OFF" HER FAMOUS PAPA: MISS BINNIE HALE BURLESQUES MR. ROBERT HALE AS MADAME LUCY.

Miss Binnie Hale, the brilliant young daughter of Mr. "Bobbie" Hale, the famous comedian, is making a big success in "Jumble Sale," at the Vaudeville. Amongst her best efforts are imitations of well known actors and actresses. She is absolutely priceless as her



A LIFE-LIKE IMITATION OF MISS EDITH DAY: MISS BINNIE HALE AS THE HEROINE OF "IRENE."



AS MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN: A WONDERFUL EXAMPLE OF MISS BINNIE HALE'S MIMICRY.

own father, in his rôle of Madame Lucy in "Irene"; her take-off of Miss Edith Day is amazingly faithful to the original; and when she comes on as Miss Phyllis Monkman, one could almost swear that the popular dancer herself had appeared.



JUMPING JOAN AND THE QUEEN OF HEARTS IN "NURSERY RHYMES," AT THE COLISEUM: TAMARA KARSAVINA.

Tamara Karsavina, the famous Russian dancer, returned to the Coliseum last week in an entirely new dance production called "Nursery Rhymes," designed by Mr. C. Lovat Fraser, to music by

Schubert. Mme. Karsavina herself appears as Jumping Joan and the Queen of Hearts, and also in "The Two Blackbirds," with M. Novikoff. This portrait of the dancer shows her in a Slave Dance.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.



IT is possible (and it seems about time that the possibility was brought to somebody's notice) to overdo the Done Thing.

That proud position has incontrovertibly been occupied for the past few months by Spain, Spaniards, and every other amiable and gifted product of that delectable Peninsula. With dog-like loyalty to the local manners and customs, we have all stuck tall combs in our hair and festooned them with mantillas. And with positively suburban avidity we have devoured any scrap of advance intelligence as to the approaching nuptials of Jaime, Duque de Dos Pesetas, with Concepcion, youngest niece of Ramon Tocador, the well-known designer of bull-rings.

But it is all our politeness, really. We aren't, you know, so totally devoid of small talk of our own that we must needs import our topics of conversation in barrels, like tangerines. But we rather like a foreign flavour or so every now and then. And when that happens, the particular country selected for treatment is apt to become temporarily enormous in British eyes—and still more in its own startled little gaze at its vast reflection in the enormous mirror of British popularity. Which is how the Done Thing, as we were just saying, tends to get overdone.

That, one is afraid, is the danger which the Spanish vogue began to run when Official Personages took to painting that lily. Which is apt, you know, to overweight these fragile vegetables. And one doubts, with grave and polite regrets, whether it will survive the winter show of Spanish paintings at the Royal Academy. In spite of the conjoint official benedictions of Lord Rothschild, Sir Claude Phillips, the Duke of Alba, and his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador. Because fashion is a nervous bird, and apt to be alarmed by these concatenations of pundits and eminent persons.

The Old Masters are mainly Goya. And that would have been right enough, if they had been good Goya. Which some of them were. But for the most part not. The Velasquez were better, especially "Calabacillas the Buffoon" and the Valencia *Selbstporträt*. But for the most part one was a little depressed at an extensive exhibition of rather second-rate religious art. Punctuated by El Greco. That myopic Greek may be well enough as a purveyor of terpsichorean raw material to M. Jean Borlin and Miss Jenny Hasselquist in the brumous atmosphere of the Swedish Ballet in Stockholm. But why (unless you live in Chelsea) take him so very seriously?

Modern Spanish art is a more depressing topic. There is the outstanding figure of Zuloaga, who sends a magnificent Basque from his own neighbourhood of Zumaya. But it takes a long search to

find anything else. There are acres of canvas which demonstrate conclusively that the painter has visited Paris and has absorbed the atmosphere of that engaging city. There are reams of paint which show that the real taste of Spain is still for the excessive, the over-rococo, the too-red, the far-too-blue. The painful truth about Spanish art is that the great masters are rocks of individual genius projecting forlornly from the surrounding seas of bad taste.

Yet there is a real distinction about the three pictures by Gutierrez Solana. He has reduced the Spanish village backed by brown stone

mountains to an original and effective formula, and "The Automaton" is a piece of real painting, as well as a piece of savage anti-clerical satire. Apart from him, there is not much to attract one in the modern portion of the exhibition, apart from the inherent excellence of any Spanish subject. And one cannot really help being mesmerised by those high-coloured, big-mouthed young women in brass combs, and their blue-chinned, lounging admirers. The truth is that Spain is itself a picture. And it seems foolish to try and paint it.

And now let's start a new national fashion. Why not Jugo-Slavia? The costume is highly coloured, the inhabitants are picturesque, and all the raw materials for a fresh racial boom seem to be at hand. There is a national artist totally innocent of form and perspective—surely you remember the Mestrovic sculpture shows of some years ago? There is, for all that I know, a national literature replete with hidden masterpieces. And the only objection seems to be that when the boom is at its height, the social notabilities of Belgrade and Nisch will have rather a long way to travel when they want to come to London to get married. But anyway, when the boom is at its height, and the Jugo-Slav Minister (with him, the Czecho-Slovak Chargé d'Affaires) opens a Mestrovic Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, remember who it was that gave you the first warning. So watch Serbia!



A NEW ADDITION TO "JOHNNY JONES": MESSRS. SCOTT AND WHALEY AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Messrs. Scott and Whaley, the well-known comedy duo, have now joined the cast of "Johnny Jones," at the Alhambra. Our photograph shows them as they appear in this joyous revue.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield Ltd.]

who it was that gave you the first warning. So watch Serbia!

And one really begins to wonder a little whether these national booms that we suffer from do not owe a little to semi-official stage-management. Scene: the corner of Hanover Square. Two figures discovered designing fashions. To them enter Señor Merry del Val, cloaked and masked. His EXCELLENCY: "Well met, Reville. Rossiter, all hail." And so on. That's the way they do it. A few words to a few quarters like that, and your vogue is as good as started—and your country's new ware goes like anything, whether it is suitable and becoming to the inhabitants of the land of its adoption or not!

Engaged to Miss Ellis Jeffreys' Son.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT GEORGE PENN CURZON, R.N.: MISS ENID GIBSON.

Miss Enid Gibson is the younger daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Gibson and of Mrs. Gibson, of Yngleses, Argentina. Her engagement to Lieutenant George Penn Curzon, R.N. (only son of the late

Hon. Frederick Graham Curzon, second son of the third Earl Howe, and of Mrs. Sleath Skelton—who is perhaps better known by her stage name of Miss Ellis Jeffreys) has been announced.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Decisions of the Wise.

The wisest golfers made four resolutions last week. The first of them was that they would keep their heads and bodies as still as they could in this next season, and remember every time they made a stroke to try to keep them so; the second was to look hard and intensely, with great concentration, on the ball, whatever the stroke they had to play, conscious at last that, despite their age and experience, they have been taking too much for granted in this matter of keeping their eye on the ball, and have been making but a roomy sort of gaze upon it; third, that they would talk less on the course during their play, aware now of the great truth that conversation makes for carelessness and loss of interest, such conversational methods of play being unfortunately commoner now than they were six years ago, owing to new and stupid ideas, perhaps, of sociability in golf (there would be as much excuse for conversation during bridge); and fourth, that they would really try to putt better, the putting being the one department where it seemed every man might by effort and perseverance make a real improvement in his game.

You cannot determine that you will drive better and farther, play your iron shots with greater accuracy, or pitch more prettily, because, despite every effort, there is something in golf to baulk you every time; but nearly every man and woman with fair strength of mind can determine to putt better, and, so putting, will be a better and more successful golfer. Such people may have had their eye, or thought of having it, upon the new book that Willie Park has produced on "The Art of Putting," in which he declares that he tells the truth, the whole truth, and the truth as he has never told it before, about his own special secrets of putting, and, so confessing to a world more anxious than ever about its putting, he and those associated with him consider that the revelations are worth a guinea.

The King of Putters.

Leaving out the super-ancients, who, according to tradition, always did everything better than the modern masters, I think a calm consideration must yield the conclusion that four players of the millions there have been in modern times have been finer putters than the others—really putting geniuses, men with a higher average of steady and successful putting than the rest. Of these, one undoubtedly has been Mr. Walter Travis, the American; another I would propose is James Braid himself, despite his fall from the heights in recent times, for, at the middle of his career (as, for example, at the famous championship at Prestwick in 1908), he putted with more consistency and success—beautiful smooth putting it was, too, and delightful to look upon—than anybody I have ever seen; a third is inevitably Jack White; and for the

fourth there is, of course, Willie Park, who, upon a show of hands in any well-informed and discriminating community, would be voted the king of putters. When you saw Willie Park putting in those old championship days, when "Fiery," the famous Musselburgh caddie, carried his clubs for him and consulted with him upon the line, you knew that here was a man who knew more than others, and acted upon the knowledge. But to appreciate good putting absolutely, you have to play against it; and I remember that on one or two occasions in the far past, when, humbly and with a multitude of strokes for handicap, I had games with Willie Park, who was explaining some of his thoughts and ways to me, I was impressed as at no other time with his genius and inspiration on the putting greens.

Secrets of the Master.

Willie tells us some curious things in the informative revelations he now makes. When he was playing his big matches he used to practise for hours a day on his own private putting green, which contained six holes of various lengths, each hole being three-and-a-half inches

in diameter, and not the regulation four-and-a-quarter inches. These small holes of his made the putting at the holes of proper size much easier when the time for testing came. He says, also, that he used to take the strength of this green of his as a standard, and regulate his putting on strange greens according to the comparison that he made between them. He impresses us by his strong advocacy of putting with the sole of the club quite clear of the turf, so that in the swing on to the ball it never touches the green in the least, as is the case with most golfers, though not with settled intention on their part. In this system of clean putting he is undoubtedly



AT THE SPANIEL FIELD TRIALS AT TILGATE, SUSSEX:
A GROUP OF FOLLOWERS.

Our photograph of followers at the Spaniel Field Trials at Tilgate, Sussex, shows, from left to right, Cadet R. Murray; Miss Nancy Loder; Lieutenant Herbert, R.N.; Mrs. Francis Loder, and Captain Thurston.—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

right; and this in conjunction with his short, slow swing at the little putts must have helped him greatly. And then, again, he urges the necessity of severe concentration in looking at the ball. Having made up his mind upon the line of the putt, and marked it clearly with remembrance in his mind, he settles himself down to make the stroke, and never looks up towards the hole again until he thinks the ball has had time to get there. This is a variation on Taylor's old advice when playing shots through the green—always to make a point of seeing the place where the ball was, but is no longer, ere looking to discover the fate of the stroke. Another point that Willie makes is his advocacy of long-bladed putters, enabling the player as they do to square the instrument to the line of the putt with greater exactness than can be done with a short-bladed putter. The ancients always used putters with longer blades than we do now. Many other good points of instruction are made by Willie Park. Sometimes he is highly dogmatic, and occasionally he provokes towards disagreement; but who dare question the wisdom of the gods?

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JOAN,
An
'Allenburys'
Baby

The parents of this beautiful child state that, in rearing her, they looked upon the Allenburys' Booklet "Infant Feeding & Management" as their Encyclopædia.

Through Healthy Infancy to Sturdy Childhood

is the ideal for which every mother strives. It depends upon correct feeding in early infancy, so that every mother should ask herself,

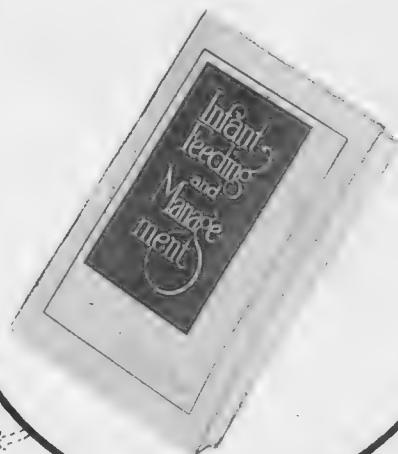
'Is my baby being fed correctly?'

'Allenburys' Foods for Infants

give the variation offered by no other dietary—a food for each stage of infancy. You are invited to write for the 'Allenburys' Booklet on 'Infant Feeding and Management.' It is from the pen of a medical man, an authority on all that concerns infant welfare, and is of value and interest no matter how baby is being fed.

This book will be sent post free upon receipt of a postcard by the sole manufacturers

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
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THERE is always in Paris a fashionable prophetess, Mme. de Thèbes, who used to give us her sibylline predictions, was better known than the President of the Republic—and, for that matter, I suppose, better paid. It seems to be a fairly easy business to inform the world in general, and clients in particular, that the coming year will be very much like the past year—that is to say, compounded of joys and sorrows, deaths, births, and marriages, wisdom and folly. But the cult of the occult flourishes as it never flourished before. Only this week I met an American woman who told me that she had crossed the ocean to seek “light” in the French capital. By “light” she meant some wonderful revelations of the mysteries of life and the universe.

Certainly, Paris is full of soothsayers of all kinds. We have gone crazy over these mystic sciences. For the most part it is probable that the searchers are not very serious, but are taking up a new whim just as they would adopt a fresh kind of lap-dog or a novelty in fans. It is amusing, and one can experience occasionally a quite delightful thrill. If one could really peep into the future, no doubt many people would ask whether 1921 will really see the decline of dansomania. Dansomania was universal in France during the past year. It is pretended that it is passing. There is no doubt that there are visible signs of fatigue. The “dancings” are still crowded, but there is not the same zest as hitherto.

What will be the distinguishing mark of the New Year? Turning towards the past twelve months, it is easy to state that the special feature of the year was the re-establishment of the old calendar of the *vie Parisienne*. There is a social almanack in which the dates of a multiplicity of events figure with the regularity of the stars in their courses. They had been forgotten for a long time, but now we have, month

after month, week after week, a settled round of tradition. There are a multitude of things that no Parisian—and especially no Parisienne—who has the smallest claim to be in the social swim could possibly miss. There are the *vernissages* of the various picture-shows, little and big, including the Salon and the Salon d'Automne. There is, with the exactitude of clockwork, the periodic return of the Ballets Russes. There are the classic racing events at Auteuil and Longchamp. There are the *vacances* at Deauville, which have enjoyed a vogue such as



ENJOYING A STROLL AT MONTE CARLO: THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI AND PRINCE LEON RADZIWILL (RIGHT).

Our photograph shows the Grand Duke Dimitri, son of the Grand Duke Paul Alexandrovitch, with Prince Leon Radziwill, the well-known polo-player, at Monte Carlo.—[Photograph by Navello.]

they have never had before. This winter Cannes is extraordinarily *à la mode*.

What will be substituted for all the diverting follies of 1920? The “overall” movement, which caused Dukes to dress like dustmen, and Marquises like tram-girls, in *salopettes*, enjoyed its little life and

has now definitely disappeared. Economy in dress is no longer fashionable. The reaction has driven *gens du monde* to even greater extravagances. Although Paris refuses to make it *de rigueur* to dress for the theatre, gradually *décolletés* and shirt-fronts are filling the *loges* and the stalls. The *couturiers*, now that they have regained their old position in the world, and are reinforced by many new houses—some of them English—promise us some real surprises. They are now working in secret on their new models. It is amazing, considering how carefully they conceal their intentions from each other, how they always contrive to launch the same mode at the same time. Perhaps they have recourse to the arts of Mme. de Sais—the successor of Mme. de Thèbes—to learn what their rivals are about to do!



IN THE SUN AT MONTE CARLO: MISS AMY SAVILL-ONLEY.

In the theatrical world it would not be difficult for Mme. de Sais to prognosticate that Sacha Guitry will write a dozen or so new comedies; or that “Phi-Phi” will run for another year; or that “L’Homme à la Rose,” by Henry Bataille—in which it is shown that Don Juan, after his supposed funeral, middle-aged, having lost the glamour of his reputation, no longer makes an appeal to feminine hearts—will enjoy a deserved success; or that Sarah Bernhardt will appear on the music-hall—the Paris Alhambra, to be precise; or that Mistinguett, like Spinelli, will leave the music-hall for what is known (I cannot say why) as the legitimate stage; or that all the *chansonniers*—Fursy, Vincent Hyspa, Jean Bastia, and the rest—will, like Lucien Boyer and Dominique Bonnaud, all be decorated with the Legion of Honour for having helped to introduce American, Spanish, and Czechoslovakian music into France!

Oddly enough, Paris, the capital of the Republic, receives more Royal visits than any place in the world. There is talk of King George and Queen Mary coming soon. It has been a perpetual Royal procession—the King and Queen of Spain, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Queen of Rumania (who produced at the Opéra a wonderful little fairy-tale), the Queen of Italy, the Regent of Serbia, the Shah of Persia, the Danish Sovereign and his Consort, and, of course, the Kings and Queens of the Kinema—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Pearl White, and the great Fatty.

What must be confessed is that the real *vie mondaine*—that is to say, the life of the private *salons*—has not regained its old brilliance. There are comparatively few *maîtresses de maison* who are holding receptions on the old scale. This is, certainly a pity, for the *salons* were one of the most charming features of Paris. Is this a consequence of *la vie chère*? In any case, somebody has had the audacity to demand a State subsidy for the *salons*, similar to that which is given to the leading theatres!

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



WATCHING THE TENNIS AT BEAULIEU: THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER, LADY WAVERTREE, AND MRS. BLOMFIELD.

The lawn-tennis at Beaulieu always attracts many spectators. Our photograph shows some well-known people, including the Hon. F. M. B. Fisher and Lady Wavertree, who are both lawn-tennis experts, watching the expert exponents of the game.—[Photograph by Navello.]



ZARA THE SNAKE-CHARMER

ABDULLA'S BEST

OR
INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.

*The second instalment of this staggering serial.
Don't stop to think, begin it now!*



BONGO THE BOA

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, big game hunter and multi-millionaire, is seated in the stalls of the Felicity Music Hall with SYRINGA, his newly-wedded child-wife. In the gallery sits the MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, a sinister figure of whom more anon. During the performance of ZARA THE SNAKE-CHARMER, a mystery woman of the East (who pales at the sight of Sir Kenneth), her colleague, BONGO THE BOA, leaps from the stage and, hurtling through the air, falls full at the feet of the multi-millionaire.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT UP.

FOR the moment horror held the fashionable throng in its grip! Then, to the amazement of all, instead of moistening Sir Kenneth's form with saliva, preparatory to devouring him, the grisly reptile merely licked his hand like a faithful hound.

Amid the general agitation, the electric light failed, and in inky darkness a huddled mass of humanity made, with unmuffled oaths, for the exit.

Many were trodden underfoot into the red pile carpet, never again to inhale Abdulla's Virginian Cigarettes.

When the chandeliers were once again illumined, Sir Kenneth, Zara, and the boa-constrictor had entirely evaporated into thin air.

CHAPTER III.

ALONE IN LONDON.

Now turn we to Leicester Square.

The snowflakes fell fast and a chill wind whistled through the thin shawl that enwrapt the shivering form of her, who, but the night before, had been the petted child-wife of Sir Kenneth Satinwood.

"Does no one wear bootlaces now-a-days?" sighed Syringa. For six weary hours, half-fainting for want of food, had she proffered her modest wares to the callous passers-by, and her slender stock was not yet diminished by a single lace.

Men of the world, strolling to and fro, filled the Square with the exquisite fragrance of Abdulla's Turkish, Egyptian and Virginian Cigarettes, and ever and anon the subtly distinctive aroma of No. 5's and No. 11's assailed the quivering nostrils of the slim, pathetic girl, whom none paused to notice.

She was sinking into a seat, half-fainting with fatigue, when a hoarse whisper hailed her by the name she had but yesterday so proudly borne.

With a shattering heart-throb, she turned to where a shrouded figure stood beside her. "Would you have news of one dear to you?" pursued the voice.

"Indeed, indeed I would!" gasped Syringa, half-fainting with utter joy.

"Then follow me!" said the stranger.

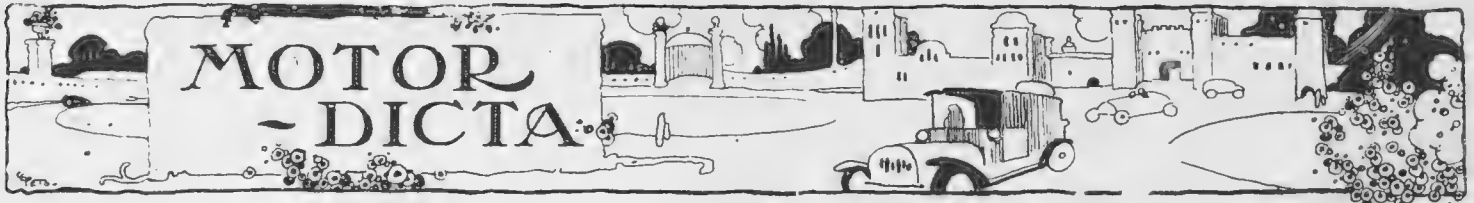
With child-like innocence she laid her slender white hand on the proffered arm of the mysterious guide. As they passed under

the glow of a street lamp, Syringa, gazing into his face with big, candid eyes, caught a fleeting but horrible glimpse of a Twisted Nose. This time she fainted bang off.



For six weary hours . . . had she proffered her modest wares to the callous passers-by.

(Another Magnificent Instalment of this great Serial will appear next week)



A MUDDLED HALF-CONCESSION: ALL THE LATEST SPECIAL TIPS.

By GERALD BISS.

NOTE by these presents, all ye who have been good little boys and girls for the last three years—while aboard your autos, anyhow—and have had no endorsements added within that period, that you obtain a spotless and virginal new license to drive instead of one burdened and besmirched with the purple blotches of your Tanquerayan past. For this you have to thank my Lords Montagu and Russell—two tough old auto-warriors of a full quarter of a century, who tore from Lord Lytton in the Upper Talking-Chamber the concession that endorsements be cancelled after three years, if so be within that period no endorsement have been added. So watch and see that you each obtain such cleanliness as you be entitled to, as the authorities are not likely to give much away, albeit the clause is retrospective. However, to my mind this concession, snatched at the last moment, is only half a concession, and this seisachtheia only an apology for a real rubbing out; and possibly in many ways it is even a pity, as it will make it all the harder to get a proper fresh start under the impending Motor Car Bill 1921. My contention is that, apart from any question of subsequent endorsements, every endorsement should automatically be erased once it arrive at the hoary old age of three full years. Otherwise, by one unfortunate conviction at the end of every third year the old illogical piling-up system may go on for centuries. It had been anticipated by the know-alls of automobilism that Little Eric had this concession ready stamped and sealed in his capacious portfolio for the forthcoming Bill; and it were a grave pity if it be spoilt by this partial anticipation on the lines of a forced sale in lieu of an act of grace. However, another point yielded by the Uppers makes endorsements optional on the part of magistrates instead of obligatory. But what is the good of giving—well, say Kingston, such an option, when they are simply laying for it, always itching for it, and dead-set upon it? It is an endorsement every time and a foregone conclusion before certain Benches, and ever will be till the Bumbles cease from bumbling and some beaks are laid to rest.

Outside Aid and Official Carping.

As time goes on, we shall begin to know our rights as well as we already know our wrongs under this new Act of Geddes; and, by way of helping, the A.A. has issued a neat booklet of pointers, free to members, on "What to do in January," a neat and concise little work designed to assist motorists to keep out of prison for the other eleven months

year, types, number of cylinders, Treasury h.p., cylinder bores, and chassis numbers of all Swift models since 1907, together with certain helpful remarks, in parallel columns. It will not only assist every Swift owner to fill up his license form easily and correctly, but will save the firm itself a devil of a lot of Ministry-made correspondence. It is ideal advertising—simple and topical, informative and



A CHRISTMAS TIP FROM THE U.S.A.: POST OFFICES ON WHEELS.

The American Postmaster-General evolved a brilliant new plan to help out the congestion at the branch post offices during the Christmas rush. He had post offices on wheels placed along the "side-walks" in many of the principal streets. It will be noticed that seasonal decorations appear to be included in this new scheme!

Photograph by T.P.A.

economical. I wonder why every firm does not copy this excellent example. Finally, while upon this distressing subject, it is worthy of the Ministry of Transport that, having grimly forced this excessive tax upon motoring at a "cruel 'ard" and critical time, it straightway proceeds to slang as profiteers those who at a moment's notice have been forced to manufacture the license-holders to meet an urgent situation. "We had decided," says some cock-a-hoop young dug-in at the Bureau Geddes, "that the minimum price was three-and-six, and that at the outside they should not be more than five shillings. Many retailers are selling them at eight-and-six!" Well, if that isn't enough to break a poor wretched motorist—the last straw for his double-humped camel back! To me, it is the Ministry who themselves have already swallowed a couple of dromedaries, and are now pharisaically straining at the nattiest of gnats.

A "Bear" Chance. In the early summer of 1918 my friendly broker was staying with me in the country, and though on principle I never touch or gamble in motor shares, I announced to him my intention of giving up writing, and making a fortune after the war by selling a "bear" of every motor share on the market a year or so after the first reaction following the conclusion of hostilities. I anticipated that the Stock Exchange would go back to its old fortnightly accounts; but this, wisely, it has not done, making selling a bear practically impossible—anyhow, to an outsider—which is about the one thing which has saved a complete collapse all round the last three or four months. "Every one?" he asked. "Yes," I answered; "including Rolls-Royce and all the best of them"—giving my reasons. Last week I was looking at a motor share list with highest and lowest prices for 1920, and calculating the millions owing to me on paper from quite a modest start! I could not find one which had not justified my anticipations thoroughly—from no inherent wrong in itself, but owing to the action of outside conditions upon itself. Had a few folk been able to sell big bears, I fear that this essential industry would have been forced down and out by speculation at such a time and under such conditions. Therefore, I am glad that I could not realise my dreams of avarice at such a cost, though now I shall have to go on as a manual labourer pushing a stylo for the rest of my wretched existence. May it be brief!



HOW THE GUARD OF HONOUR WENT TO ST. MARGARET'S: N.C.O.'S AND MEN OF THE 2ND LIFE GUARDS ARRIVING FOR THE WILSON-JAMES WEDDING.

A guard of honour of N.C.O.'s and men of the 2nd Life Guards lined the aisle of St. Margaret's, Westminster, at the wedding of Mr. John Menzies to Miss Silvia Helena James. Our photograph shows the detachment arriving for the ceremony.

Photograph by L.N.A.

of this particular noisome New Year of great exactions and small expectations—quite a practical bit of work to anticipate trouble and difficulties. In this connection, too, I have been particularly struck by the clever and topical advertisement of the Swift firm—I don't know whether it is appearing in *The Sketch* or not—which gives the



The Chocolate Question



BY APPOINTMENT

Are they Rowntree's?

"THE STANDARD
OF EXCELLENCE"

THROUGH A GLASS LIGHTLY.

THE other day I found a reputedly—pre-war—wealthy friend of mine seated at table. In the matter of linen, silver, glass, and all the other attributes of a well-ordered dining-room, his board appeared to be tolerably well furnished. But, in regard to the more or less essential edible commodities, there was absolutely nothing in sight. Well, hardly *nothing*. There was one single, lonesome, solitary egg. I asked the reason for such severe asceticism. He perpetrated this infliction: "Don't worry, old boy; *un œuf* is as good as a feast."

It's a wise yolk that knows its own mother.

It's a wise sardine that recognises its own oil.

It's an unwise actor that "touches" his own manager.

A story that is old enough to be new to the present generation is being revived again—probably by the advertisement department of a large rival firm. This time the victim is the general manager of a general store—a pompous, blustering, important individual whose rise to such a responsible position was attributed entirely to the disciplinary measures he adopted with those who had the misfortune to work under his command. One morning, in the course of his peregrination of the building, he came to a cheeky-looking young messenger boy who lounged against a door-post, hands in pockets, and his quaint cap impudently tilted in a manner that shocked the august disciplinarian. To add horror to such horror, the unashamed youngster was whistling a ragged tune that pierced and ripped the manager's nerves. The great man stopped suddenly and, in a voice of thunder, called to the immature vandal to step forward. The brat

got out of this house for good." The deed was done, the big chief looking on in contemptuous silence. The bright little rascal took the money and strutted, still whistling, out of the store. The great, strong man inquired, then, what work the boy was employed upon, to which the floor manager replied, "Well, Sir, I don't exactly know, Sir, except, Sir, that he had just brought a letter from Messrs. Jones, Jones, and Jones, Sir!"

Not a hundred miles from what is known as the Surrey side of the Thames there still exists one of the old-fashioned music-halls where the chief attraction consists in "trying out" new histrionic or terpsichorean aspirants. The quality of these unfortunates is mostly left to the judgment of a critical, if rather emphatic, audience. One night the star item among the "try-outs" was a song and dance by a perfectly impossible performer. He had not been on the stage one minute before the "bird" was handed to him in right-down Cockney fashion. In vain did he try to make himself heard above the universal din of howls, hisses, caterwaulings, and counterchoruses. Yet the curtain did not come down, as was usual in such cases of "mixed reception." After some minutes the manager stepped on to the stage, whispered a few words to the would-be star (who walked off), and, with a loud "Leave 'em to me," turned and addressed the audience thus: "Lidies an' gentl'men, it 'urts me more'n I can say to 'ear such a reception as that wot 'as only just now given me such pine. Hafter hall,

we are hall British, ain't we? And isn't the Henglishman the gritest sportsman in the world?" (Cries of "Betcherloife 'e is!") "Then why can't yer be fair and sportsmanlike to this young and promising hactor? He will appear again to-morrer night. But not to-night." ("That's a bit of good!") "And let me tell yer, lidies and gentl'men, me and my colleague knows when there's a good turn or not a good turn. But we do like to give a turn at least a charnst. And let me tell yer, lidies and gentl'men, when we sees that a turn ain't exactly pleasing you in front—well, we rings a little bell, and down comes the curtain. What could be fairer than that?" ("'Ear, 'ear!") "So please hact like sportsmen."

The following night everybody in the audience had supplied himself with a bell.

You can picture the scene—or hear it—yourself.

To the health-giving Isle of Madeira
Went a frugal young lady called Vera.
She was tired of the very
High prices of Sherry;
But she found that Madeira was dearer.

Suggested slogan for the League of Nations: Too polite to fight.
SPFX.



PICASSO'S STYLE IN 1905: "L'AVEUGLE," A MASTERLY ETCHING BY THE GREAT CHEF D'ÉCOLE.

Picasso's career has been a series of discoveries, each of which he has rapidly developed. He proceeds by experiment, and has passed through many phases of art, each of which has given rise to a host of imitators, so that he may be called an involuntary teacher and a Chef d'École. In 1905, Picasso was producing etchings similar to "L'Aveugle," which we reproduce above. Those who examine the synthetic paintings of this Cubist artist may be surprised to note the power and beauty of his drawing, and the fine technique displayed in the works of his 1905 period, which offer no "comic" features for the traducers of modern art to chuckle over.

From the Etching by Pablo Picasso.

did so—not without an air of patronage. "What are your wages per week?" bellowed the general manager. "Twenty-five bob," chirped the whipper-snapper. Then, turning to a floor manager, the big chief said, "Give this small person fifty shillings and tell him to



ROMANTICISM OF THE BRAIN: "ARLEQUIN"—A SYNTHETIC PAINTING BY PABLO PICASSO.

This synthetic painting by Pablo Picasso, now on view at the Leicester Galleries, is entitled "Arlequin," and illustrates the latest style of the painter whom Mr. Clive Bell describes as the Master of Modern Art. The French philosopher, Julien Banda, describes synthetic painting as "abstraction to the utmost attempts representation of objects by few elementary forms, mere creations of the mind." It is, in fact, romanticism of the brain.

Photograph by Alfieri.

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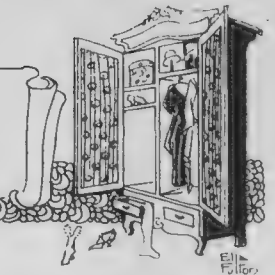
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Not Really.

It is generally held that the Victorian era was also the era of the modest Miss—the dear little thing who fainted on the smallest provocation, and would as soon have died as own to possessing anything so useful or elegant as a pair of well-shaped understandings, much less legs. If she did, unhappily, have to refer to such things, “limbs” was the nearest she could manage to articulate. So it is surprising, is it not? to remember that she wore bodices that even the most advanced young thing of to-day might feel shy of putting on; and there are people who will tell you that the crinoline was far from being as decorous as some people, at this distance of time, make out.



A chiffon-and-lace chemise suitable for evening-dress wear.

a remark that applies also to the colour of the ninon selected.

All of Ninon. All of which leads up to the Victorian nightie that Ella Fulton has sketched on this page. Perhaps the girl of the “fifties” might have made it of longcloth. Well, in that respect at least she will not find an imitator. This model is intended to be expressed in ninon—triple ninon, if you want to be quite sure that it will wear well; and the flower and the ribbon shoulder-straps can be altered at will to suit individual taste—

Sale Topics. I'm afraid to think how many thousand words have already been written describing the January sales, their “bargains” and allurements, and the solemn duty of every woman to buy now and to buy hard. There are superior people about who smile at the notion of associating “sale” shopping with economy. However, they need not be considered too seriously. When Princesses are found among the bargain searchers, there's no reason why you and I should hold aloof. And, anyhow, the “sales” are the big opportunity of the woman blessed with “ideas” on dress and the ability to give them becoming expression. Besides, it is not much that fashion requires of us these days. The “pair of socks and the string of beads” of which one hears in “The Shop Girl,” at the Gaiety, though they do not quite exhaust the list of wearing apparel necessary for appearance in public, are, after all, almost as much as, judging from appearances, some people consider adequate. So after that it is not surprising to know that quite a great deal in the way of a corsage can be accomplished with the help of a bit of wide black velvet ribbon. Ella Fulton gives one suggestion for thus utilising a



Rest gown of black velvet and Madonna-blue embroideries and draperies.

sale “treasure.” Please notice the responsibilities that devolve on what is, by rights, a bead girdle. Who says that women are not thrifty?

Naturally!

As, no doubt, the observant have noticed, the present mode of dress sadly limits the scope of the lingerie artist. It is very little use having a head bristling with ideas about “nighties” and “chemmies” and things of that sort when you are given no more than a few inches in which to express them. When skirts begin late and bodices hardly begin at all, the



A ninon nightdress with Victorian ideas.

fate of the artist in “undies” is indeed a hard one. Still, you'll agree that the chemise here shown is a very creditable effort. The best chiffon and real lace are used to make it, and it is just one more instance of the fact that the unseen good works designed by the people who are responsible for women's clothes are in every way as attractive as those that meet the outward eye.

Quite Possible.

To the woman with ideas on dress all things are possible. The average male has been heard to express surprise that what covers so little should cost so much; so no doubt he would hardly credit the statement that the gown on this page is intended to be constructed from sale remnants.

Some black velvet—or satin, if you prefer it—some strips of embroidery, and a length of blue chiffon are all that is necessary. The design is simplicity itself, but that does not prevent the finished article from being as attractive a rest gown as any woman could wish to own.

Colour Note.

I suppose it's the balmy weather that prevails at the time of writing that accounts for the appearance of some “spring” models. No, all the secrets of next season's styles are not yet ready for publication; but skirts, one hears on excellent authority, are preparing to come nearer to earth. Of course, there are some skirts that might add a considerable number of inches to their length and yet be not unduly long, but that's by the way. Meantime, there's a sort of feeling that another inch or two won't do us any harm, and at least one noted *couturière* is acting on the principle. Do not, however, run away with the notion that ankles and understandings are about to seek the seclusion of really long skirts. “Any skirt that comes to the ankles can't help making the wearer look dowdy” is the view of a dress artist whose opinion carries great weight in the dress world. He at least has no intention of carrying skirts to extremes, but acts rather on the lines that if you happen to own a good thing it's a pity to hide it. And no one can accuse woman of having done anything but her best to oblige in this respect, can they?




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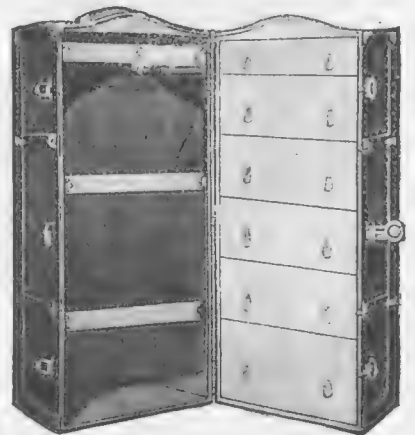
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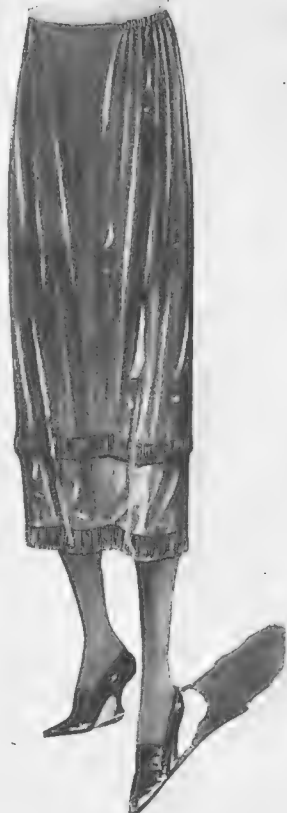
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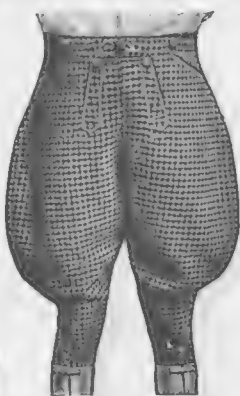
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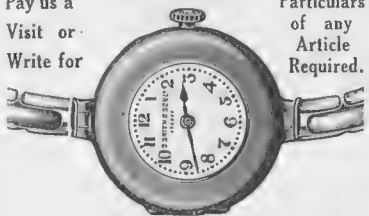
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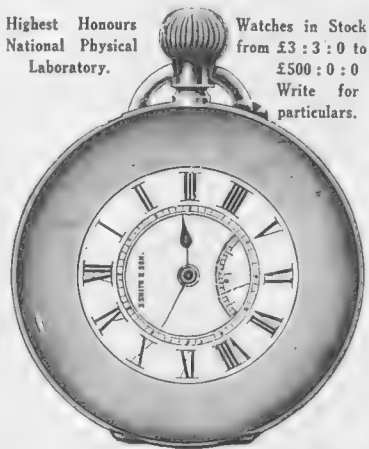
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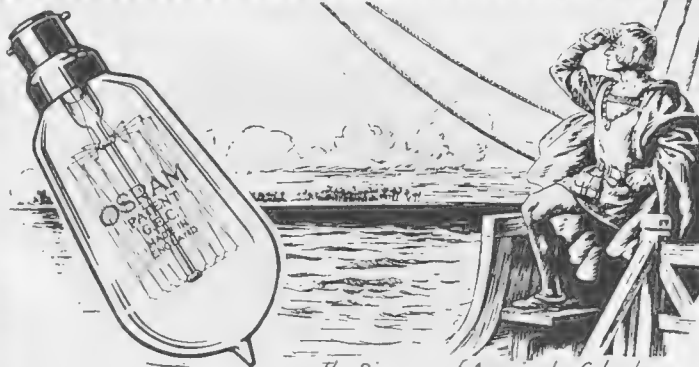
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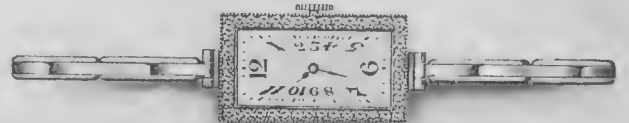
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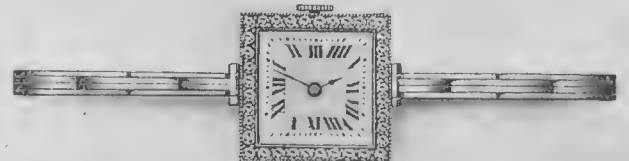
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DRAWN BY FUGASSE.

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

The New Order. Looking out of a specially luxurious saloon motor-car window, during a block in Oxford Street, said a supercilious-looking lady to a younger one graduating in superciliousness, "It's a mercy we are not walking, my dear. The shops look like rag-fair, and the pavements like Bank Holiday bear-gardens." This was not a Royal Princess, nor a Duchess, nor any lady of high degree, but one who had grown rich recently, and whose contempt for ordinary folk now knows no bounds. The sales certainly have made the shops look rather muddy, and the passers-by eagerly scan the windows for what they want.

Something Irish We All Love. There is one Irish product that we all love, and that is the linen from the Emerald Isle. Robinson and Cleaver are selling 'off at their great Linen Hall in Regent Street, and are offering very remarkable value—amounting, indeed, to real bargains—in linen damask table-cloths. The designs are most handsome and exclusive, and the, usually very moderate, prices are materially reduced. There are oddments of this famous firm's celebrated hand-woven damask table-cloths at one-third under to-day's prices. This is a special opportunity, for hand-weaving is dying out rapidly in a world which moves at the pace ours does. There is fine opportunity for renewing household cloths of all kinds—sheets, towels, pillow-cases, and bedspreads. There is also a January sale in progress of interest to mankind at the firm's City house, 101-102, Cheapside, at which every price is also reduced. Times have made men determined bargain-hunters too.

After, Not Before. Do tax-collectors work on commission? If so, they will in time become millionaires. All the excellent advice admirably set forth in Fleet Street, Bouverie Street, Printing-House Square, and other sources of perambulating print seem to me to be writ sarcastic. A friend of mine saved up, added her cash presents, intended to buy for herself a fur coat, and had looked forward with joy to the purchase. Poor soul, she forgot the income tax! The claim for it arrived with her Christmas cards. So now she keeps herself warm with indignation, and threatens to join the ranks of the unemployed. To hand over sixty guineas to the tax-collector when bargains in furs are staring her in the face wherever she goes is trying to

feminine philosophy. Sale-holders should square the collectors to send in their claims after and not before the sales! What the result would be it would be unsafe to prophesy.

Public Balls in Private Houses. Private houses are being lent for hunt balls as well as for charity dances. The Cheshire Hunt Ball was held in Eaton Hall under the auspices of our very latest thing in Duchesses. Eaton Hall is by no means beautiful outwardly, but the interior is very suitable for a big ball. The Hon. Mrs. John Dawnay lent Hillington Hall for the West Norfolk Hunt Ball, which was honoured by the presence of Royalty, and at which the men bristled with decorations. Hillington was inherited by Mrs. Dawnay from her father, the late Sir William Ffolkes, whose only child she was. Hillington has been in the family since about 1683, when Martin Ffolkes, an eminent lawyer, married the daughter and co-heir of Sir William Howell, to whom Hillington belonged. Royalty had been entertained there before, and the present master of the house, Major the Hon. John Dawnay, is heir to his father, Viscount Downe, and inherits family traditions of Royal Household service.

Buy! Buy!! Buy!!! We are all talking bargains these days, and every woman thinks her own the best. I was shown some made at Penberthys, 388-392, Oxford Street, which so impressed me that I went there. The value in gloves—and almost everyone knows Penberthys' reputation for good gloves—is extraordinary. In long gloves, of which there are still oddments, I did quite a good deal, such as white suede twelve-button mousquetaire at 10s. 6d. a pair; deer skin two-dome Penberthys' special at 14s. 6d.; and lovely Mocha gloves at 12s. There are excellent investments to be made in stockings too, and in dainty under-wear. Corsets offer a good field for advantageous purchase; and there are smart semi-evening artificial silk jumpers, trimmed with effective contrasts, which make nice little home dinner jackets for girls, at 21s. Altogether, Penberthys' is a sale not to be missed.

The Riviera Foot Parade. The shoe beautiful—that in which the lady of fashion can with the utmost confidence parade the Terrace at Monte Carlo, or any other fashionable promenade—is found at the house of Raynes, 58, New Bond Street. It is the happy position of this firm to be able to make any style of shoe in the recognised materials in a few hours. They possess an expert staff of cutters and fitters, who specialise in quick work. Consequently, the woman who wants foot-wear to go with, or piquantly to contrast with, other wear for her trip to the Riviera need not be caught at a disadvantage. A Greek shoe

[Continued overleaf.]

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St. James's 18

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The "Sphere" says:—
"A row of wonderful Sessel reproduction Pearls will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste."

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"In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces."

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BARE facts may make dull reading, but ladies who contemplate having their hair waved would be well advised to consider the proved statements of Eugène as opposed to the extravagant claims so often published.

That the popularity of permanent waving dates from the introduction of the Eugène apparatus is simply the case of cause and effect. Eugène could guarantee softly undulating, becoming waves without any risk of injury to the hair, and therefore was bound to supersede inferior processes, which left, and still leave, much to be desired in results.

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Continued.]

in crocodile is a favourite, and is most becoming to a slim foot. The Elysée shoe in bronze kid, or patent, is another delightful bit of foot-wear which looks the acme of daintiness and neatness, and is yet strong and good to walk in.

P. Steinmann
and Co.

This is a real lace period; lace is in fashion, and refined women love it best when real. P. Steinmann and Co. have a reputation for selling only the best of lace, and at the most reasonable prices. This reputation is one spreading over half a century, and over a large part of the world. When, therefore, there is, as now, a sale in progress at this well-known establishment, 185-186, Piccadilly, the opportunity for making bargains in lace, in children's coats and tunics, and other garments, is one by no means to be neglected. A large stock of real lace is being sold at much-reduced prices, including Flemish, Point de Paris, Point Binche for under-garments; many of these laces, and fine lace for gowns, wedding dresses, and wedding presents, are offered at half their value. There are remnants of real lace, real lace dress slips, scarves, berthes, fichus, and collars from 20s. to 6 guineas, every one of them remarkable value. Lace handkerchiefs are selling from 5s. to 50s. each, and half-dozens of embroidered linen lawn handkerchiefs from 14s. 6d. to 30s. A point that will be made the most of by mothers is that any of the pretty, dainty children's clothes and baby frocks for which this establishment is famous, and which have become at all crushed or soiled,



Photo. J. Blake.

The charm of brown georgette is further enhanced when it is embroidered in red and silver, and trimmed with narrow bands of kolinsky. It comes from the Maison Idare.

will be sold at greatly reduced prices. Embroidered trimmings are also included in this sale, and parcels will be sent on approbation, in which case requirements should be fully stated.

Mme. Jacobson. The "unkindest cuts of all" are

those which old Father Time or modern Mother Worry puts in our skins and we call wrinkles. They are disfiguring, and they are also misleading, making many a happy-natured woman look anxious and irritable. Happily, they can be, have been, and are being eradicated, and that in two or three sittings at the Maison de Beauté Pompadour, 11, Dover Street, W., by Mme. Jacobson, who, in the course of fifteen years' experience, has smoothed out millions of wrinkles, and made those who had them years younger in looks and her friends for life. She is a singularly successful specialist in keeping people young and smart-looking, and as they should be. Also the Maison de Beauté Pompadour is death to redness of the nose, and to red veins in the complexion, getting rid of these defects in the most up-to-date and scientific ways. Eyebrows are shaped and made exquisite, and, should superfluous hairs be a trial, Mme. Jacobson removes them—also moles and birthmarks—painlessly and without scars. The newest reducing treatment does away with disfiguring double chins, and only the powder which really suits the complexion is supplied. The Maison de Beauté Pompadour is the fairy bower where time-marks fall away as if by white magic; and Mme. Jacobson is the beneficent fairy who works it.

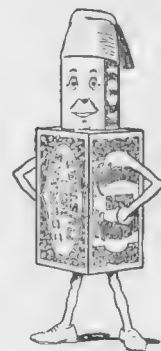
Out of the cold into a

MUSTARD BATH



"Warm amid eternal frost."
—The Beggars' Opera.

A bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.



"Let Mustard
prepare your bath."

If you ask for half-a-corona only, you may get a small cigar of any quality; but if you want the choicest little cigar it is possible to make, you must give it its name in full—

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You will then be sure of the only genuine half-size Corona; made from the same leaf in the same factories as the famous La Corona.

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Actual size of cigar 3 1/2 ins.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 97, GRESHAM STREET, E.C.

THE BANK RATE.

WHILST Sir Percy Scott is asking, "What is the use of a battle-ship?" without getting a satisfactory answer, a good many people in the City are beginning to ask, "What is the use of the high Bank Rate?" with a similar result.

In the past the Bank Rate was used to control the amount of loans made by the banks, and when the reserve ratio was too low, the Bank Rate was raised. The demand for credit is so great at present that the banks have reduced their reserves as low as they dare, and have lent all they possibly can—in fact, a scheme of rationing credit has been seriously considered.

Under such conditions, a reduction in the Bank Rate could not possibly be followed by an expansion in the credit granted, and would merely mean a reduction in expense to the harassed trading community, and some very great advantages to the nation.

The cost of financing the floating debt, both by advances from the Bank and by Treasury Bills, would be materially reduced, whilst the market for Government stocks and all gilt-edged securities would be greatly strengthened.

From the Joint Stock Banks' point of view, a reduction in interest rates would probably mean a reduction in profits; but this should be offset by the improvement in the value of the securities which they hold.

The advantages of a reduction seem so great, and the risk so slight, that we hope to see something done in this direction before very long.

RUSSIAN TRADE.

The City is waiting, with very mixed feelings, for the details of the trading agreement with the Soviet Government. The advocates of reopening trade with Russia have been very clamorous, with Labour's strident voice leading the chorus; but instead of facing the difficulties which exist and trying to get over them, they have buried their heads in the sand, after the manner of a well-known bird, and declared that they can't see any.

A leading article in one of the big dailies laboured the point that unless and until we reopen trade, we cannot expect to be repaid what Russia owes us. Just so—even the most bitter opponents admit this; but what they do ask, and pretty well all they ask, is that those debts shall be admitted.

Private trading is not allowed in Russia, and therefore all trade will have to be carried out with the Soviet Government, who have got nothing to trade with except stolen goods: the deposits which they stole from the banks, and which belong, not only to Russians, but to the English and other shareholders and depositors, securities from the same sources, timber which in many cases belongs to English firms, and the concessions which have been bought and developed by English companies such as the Spies Petroleum Company.

We are not blind to the advantages of reopening this market as soon as possible; but a clear understanding of the position and frank discussion of the difficulties are essential if anything is to be done.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"Hullo, old man! What are you looking for round here?"

Our Stroller had run into his broker in Austin Friars.

"Sh!" he answered. "Not so loudly. I was—just—looking for Solly Joel's Rolls-Royce. It's about here that I've seen it before, surely," and he gazed round with a puzzled air. "Where's it gone to?"

The broker made a silence-cell of his two hands, and whispered—

"Perhaps somebody else has been here before you."

"Must have," said Our Stroller. "Now, don't you call that annoying? Here have I been screwing up my courage for nearly six weeks, and the very day—Oh, it's rotten!"

"Have you seen Jimmy White's latest car?" asked the broker sympathetically.

"No; is it a good one? What's his address? When does he go shopping? Where—?"

"You ask as many questions as a lady with Mexican Eagles," laughed the broker.

"Oh, by the way, that reminds me. What ought a lady friend of mine to do with Eagles? Should they be sold now that the dividend's out, and the new shares and everything? Nothing much to go for at present, is there?"

"All I can tell you is that people in the House expect the Company to maintain the 60 per cent. dividend—"

"What? On all the new capital, too?"

"That's the idea, anyway. Provided that can be done, the shares are cheap still."

"Wish I knew how they'd be standing a year hence."

The broker gave him a quick glance, as though he feared brain-softening. "Have a De Reszke?" said he. "Soothing, you know."

(Continued overleaf.)

The Champagne that
bears the Active
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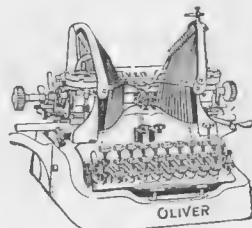
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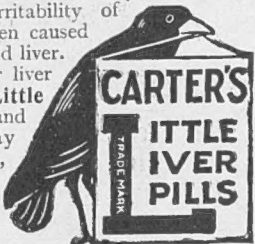
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Continued.]

He held out his case, and Our Stroller took one with a twinkle in his eye. (In his eye; not the cigarette's.) "Going to the House?" he asked.

They strolled down Throgmorton Street, and the broker said he would see his client by-and-by. "I must go in and look after a few little things," he excused himself. "Aulivoil."

Our Stroller thought he would slip into the House by the New Court door: had got to the head of the steps, when his courage failed him at the sight of two waiters. He walked rapidly along and jumped into a lift. "Top," he ordered.

There was nobody in view when he got out. He proceeded a little cautiously to the end of the passage, as Kipling said, and found himself in a commodious room, the table elaborately laid for about thirty. It was a sight that would have charmed the woman loving the sheen of fine napery, the sparkle of good glass, the brightness of beautifully kept silver.

A step approached, and Our Stroller withdrew into another room near by. Here also another table was laid for nine people; the furniture solid, the dignified air of the place set off by a few flowers.

Again that footstep, and Our Stroller discreetly retired. This time he used the stairs, giving the lift a miss in baulk. "Safety first," he soliloquised.

Several men were talking on the steps of the Stock Exchange. They took but perfunctory notice of the waiter's monotonous drone, "Steps, please, gentlemen. Steps, please."

"The machinery everywhere—in America as well as here—in France still worse—wherever you go, in fact, is thrown out of gear by peace just as it was upset by the outbreak of war," he overheard.

"This unemployment worries me," remarked one man. "Economically, I should have said it is better for two men to earn 50s. a week than for one of them to get £5 a week and the other chap to be out of work."

"Any step in the direction of lower wages will be welcome. Not," the speaker added, "that I wish a man to get less money; but the cost of living cannot possibly come down while wages remain high."

"I suppose the workman earning £5 a week would say he can't afford to take less while the costs of living keep so dear. Same old vicious circle."

"What beats me is where trade can come from," said another, "until our foreign customers can afford to buy. And, excepting America, none of 'em can afford to do so at present. Take the case of Germany as an example. We want her to come and buy rubber and cotton and motors,

and all kinds of things, so as to relieve our surplus stocks. But she hasn't got a bean worth calling a bob. And then, think of Russia!"

"This new scheme for an Export Credit ought to help the Continent to buy."

"We all hope it will. Then you'll see the Industrial companies bucking up again. Textiles, shipping, rubber, manufactured goods—once they get a move on there's plenty of demand. Only no money to back it, so far."

"See any chance?" asked a man lolling against the radiator.

"I think there's daylight ahead, certainly. Only it's sure to be a lengthy business. If labour and coal came down in price, we should feel more benefit from that than from anything else."

"Ow'd you like yore bloomin' kermisshuns cut?" inquired a gentleman, evidently known to the group, with a bundle of papers under his arm, "To-day's Selections" in his hand, and a well-matured vintage voice half-way down his throat.

"Our friend has touched a tender spot," laughed a jobber. "Still, it might be useful if the Committee were to set an example of noble self-sacrifice—"

"You leave that to the brokers, my boy. You jobbers have far too much say in the affairs of the House as it is, and—"

Our Stroller received a tremendous blow in the back, the usual apology from the man who thought he was somebody else, and a strong inclination to clump the head of a perfectly inoffensive office-boy standing at his side.

Luckily, perhaps, for the lad, a voice called stridently for "P.Q.," and the boy darted off like the curves on the Olympian Whip.

Our Stroller saw his broker coming out. "What's 'P.Q.'?" he asked.

"One of the cable agencies, I think. Why?"

Our Stroller told him, and then inquired the purpose of the two rooms he had visited upstairs.

At first the broker failed to understand. Then his face went as pale as the second cut from the breast of a turkey.

"Why, man alive!" he cried, aghast; "you've been in the luncheon-rooms of the Committee and the Managers! None of us, even, are allowed to go there. And you got out safely?"

"With never a salt-spoon," Our Stroller reassured him. "So you needn't look so scared. Come with me and see if you can stop one."

"Make it two, as it's still January," suggested the broker, and they went off arm-in-arm.

Friday, Jan. 7, 1921.

AMUSEMENTS.

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W. H. BERRY. Lily St. John. Amy Augarde. GEORGE GROSSMITH.
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MARK LESTER, etc., NIGHTLY, at 8. MATS. TUES. and SAT., at 2.15.

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In "FEDORA."
EVERY EVENING, at 8.10. MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

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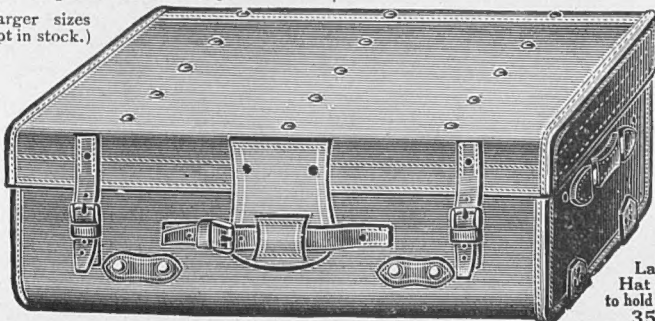


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